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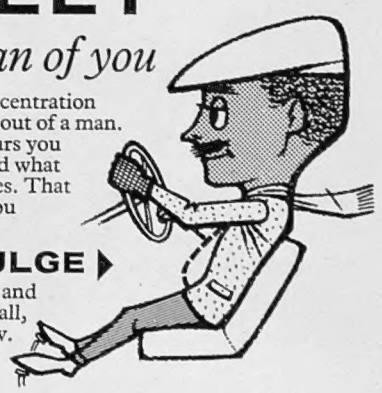

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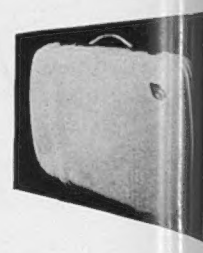

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Volume CCXLI No. 3125

The SPHERE, London, April 23, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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CEYLON'S PLANS TO BECOME A REPUBLIC—REVEALED AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: The Governor-General of Ceylon, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, presides over the ceremonial opening in Colombo of the first session of the island's fourth Dominion Parliament. One of the points announced in the Speech from the Throne, which was read by the Governor-General, was that steps are to be taken shortly to amend the constitution for the purpose of establishing a Republic of Ceylon within the Commonwealth.

At the ceremonial opening just before Easter of Ceylon's fourth Dominion Parliament, the most important point was the decision to establish Ceylon as a Republic within the Commonwealth. In reading the Speech from the Throne, the Governor-General said that his Government would help to the best of its ability to maintain the friendly relations which had prevailed between Ceylon and the Commonwealth and foreign countries. He reaffirmed at the same time the policy of strict neutrality. A guarantee of fundamental rights for minorities would be written into the new constitution. There were proposals to hold discussions to establish communal harmony, in the hope of ending the continual dissension between the two major communities on the island, the Sinhalese and Tamils. (The ceremonial opening of Parliament was, in fact, boycotted by the Tamil Federal Party.) Of all the proposals the most satisfactory to the people was probably the decision to reduce the price of rice by 25 per cent. This is the staple diet of Ceylon. The decision means an additional cost of £7,000,000 to the Government, which already subsidises rice.

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THE PRIME MINISTER AT HOME: Mr. Macmillan watches two visitors walking past the daffodils on "open day" at his house and estate, Chelwood Gate, in Sussex. The Prime Minister walked around the grounds and was not always recognised by the visitors.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY: Visitors walk up the steps to the house at Chelwood Gate, of the Prime Minister. On the day the house and grounds were open, 2,600 people took the opportunity of seeing Mr. Macmillan's country estate

A London Newslette

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, V

St. George and Merrie England—St. George's Day again, our fairest national anniversary. The Saint who slew the dragon that beset humanity, our national saint, still perhaps capable of rooting-up the seeds of the Dragon's teeth; the reputed birthday of our own and the world's greatest poet; the anniversary of Zeebrugge, which gave us one of our finest hours. I never drive into the country on St. George's Day and note the flags of St. George floating over our village church towers, with their background of new greenery, without a surge of pride and reborn hope. England and St. George have still a part to play, still could lead to the doing of a new miracle, the slaying of the dragons which still beset our civilisation, the dragons of force and fear, of want and oppression, of ugliness and materialism, of cynicism and despair. There is so little time; indeed, so much less to preserve of the peace and beauty ravaged by the dragons of war and ugliness. But what there is is worth preserving, and we can do our part only by a national rally under the cross of St. George. The events and the men whose names are recalled to us on April 23 and their achievements all invite us to make the effort, all convince us that the effort should be made. This day, which paints the meadows with delight, revives the fading colours of the tapestry of our history. We can remember what we were and what we are, and can yet resolve what we shall be.

Two State Visits—Looking back on the recent happy State visit by General de Gaulle, vivid and bitter memories came back of a similar occasion after Munich in 1939. I clearly recall the procession of the French President and M. Bonnet down the Mall and I was not alone in sensing the doubt and cynicism of a far-from-enthusiastic crowd on that chill March morning. The whole set-up seemed bogus and unreal, and those players in the State carriage gave an impression of unconvincing miming. I recall that many in the Mall crowd turned their backs to look at Queen Mary, watching from a window across Marlborough House garden. Yet we in the streets had no definite proofs at that time that France was reaching her nadir and that in a few months we should be leaning on a broken reed. Last week there was nothing bogus about the behaviour of the actors or the audience. The man who did not collapse, but began to rebuild France and revive her spirit, was the guest of our Sovereign, knew his lines and played his role with superb dignity and conviction, and the cheers that greeted him, if restrained, came from the heart. It was a British tribute to a work of restoration, important and dear to our hearts and to the architect who did the job. The drama was gorgeously produced. The pageantry at the Opera House was pure Alice-in-Wonderland etched in diamonds. He alone was in workaday costume. Even at Easter, we do not decorate our cathedrals one quarter so lavishly. But the play 's the thing when the epilogue justifies it. And the epilogue is spoken in the words applied to Brutus: "This was a man." He has made the Entente once more a thing of substance, not a shadowy thing, and France once more a great nation and vital ally of Britain. In three days of pageantry he made these facts clear to us.

Jeremiah . . .—Jeremiahs are usually regarded as timid brakes on progress, but when an obstacle is encountered which results not from timidity but from over-confidence, Jeremiah proves his case. Mr. Thorneycroft's voice from the wilderness did not fall on deaf ears in the House last week. I feel no doubt whatever that in the House and in the country thousands of people, some openly, more "anonymously," heartily agreed with him. Government spending is terrifying and ought to be controlled. Defence, hospitals, schools, prisons, roads, all are vitally needed. Between 1955 and 1960 inclusive, their cost will have risen by something like £1,400,000,000. The problem is how to allot the contributions to these increased costs and, how to spread their incidence over longer periods than a single year. Tory Governments, Conservative in name, Socialist in principles, have boasted for two years before and after an election that prices are stable and that the people never were so prosperous. Before the election, they boasted we should have it better still. Immediately after, they increased indirect taxation, thus admitting the arrival of an "obstacle" due to over-confidence. The Welfare State is a fine conception, but already it shows signs of weakening the national character in responsibility and in the dignity of self-help and independence; it is turning us into Oliver Twists who (with full, not empty, bellies) continually ask for more. Of course, one way or another, the nation pays for all Government spending. The Treasury holds nothing which we do not put into it; but direct and indirect taxation may be the easiest but is not always the fairest or for the national character the most wholesome method by which the nation is made to pay for the benefits which Governments shower on them. If we never had it so good and can enjoy all sorts of luxury gadgets, we can surely afford to pay over the counter for many of the services of the Welfare State. The vast bulk of the nation to-day can afford to pay. Paying by taxation invariably hits some grades harder than others and reduces the just contributions of other grades.

. . . Proves His Case—Admitting that all from national security to new roads, are desira even justifiable in principle, we must *all* either pay for them or do without some of them. Mr. T croft argued that it is the attempt to get them for or at below cost price that drives this country years from crisis to crisis. Conservative Gove cannot resist these demands for which a majorit nation clamours, but is unwilling to pay. The of the economy should be put above the interest individual spending departments. Continuous ec crises, stop and go and stop, sap the public's co in its Governments, and without that confide public may grow reluctant to lend the countless to the Government by which alone it can run the ec What continually puzzles and concerns me in ment financial policy (apart from the obvious ill

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

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A ROYAL VISIT TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: Princess Alexandra is seen in the Airmen's Club at the R.A.F. station at Wattisham, in Suffolk. The Princess spent a day there last week. It was her first official visit to Suffolk. She talked with officers and men in their messes and quarters and saw a fly-past by two squadrons of Hunter aircraft.

IE CENTENARY OF THE DOGS' HOME, BATTERSEA: Sir James E. T. Ritchie, after taking the chair at the annual meeting of the Home, meets some of the residents. The Dogs' Home was founded in Holloway by Mrs. Tealby in 1860. The Home's premises moved to Battersea in 1871.

n our national character that comes from all-free or half-rice benefits) is its failure to see that there is no distinc-on possible between the methods to be employed by a rudent individual in balancing his budget and by the Chancellor of a great nation. To-day the " prudence " nd indeed the available assets are found more in the ndividual than in the Treasury. I think Jeremiah has omething here, and I think the taxpayer should be given ar longer time to learn of and to protest against proposed Government expenditure before a new Budget is decided. The Civil and Service Estimates should be open for dis-ussion in Parliament at least a month earlier than they re. That is the time for objections by the taxpayers hrough their Members. As things are, a handful of rebel " M.P.s have no time to organise public resistance o massive spending concentrated in a single financial year.

Still Talking About It—I had not ealised that Sir Malcolm Sargent is President of the .S.P.C.A. I think he was lucky to be unable to preside t the recent special meeting of the Society at Central Hall. Chief item on the agenda: " The Society's attitude o fox-hunting." What a field day for cranks of all kinds efore the time came to put the motion to take a national oll, pro or con a campaign to prohibit fox-hunting. uch motions are no novelty and have usually been andsomely agreed. It was deer-hunting in 1929 and are coursing in 1939. The pollsters who trouble to nswer are largely in favour of abolition. On this occasion, he motion for a poll was just defeated. The hunting of he hare, the deer and the fox are very old-established ractices; in many cases going back beyond 1066 and all hat. I doubt whether by 2066, if Britain by that time is not one continuous Clapham, the Society off its own bat will have entirely achieved its aims. Digs and jabs, formulas and phrases, the laying of false scents, barbed wire and barbed words, can help to increase hostility, but still the most likely executioners of bloodsports are £ s. d. and subtopianisation. As a nation we still retain unexorcised some of the robust and insensible characteristics of our remote and more recent ancestors, and the cruelty, which every day we observe to be rife and common in Nature, we tolerate, if we deplore, for our favourite foods and our favourite sports. Man is an illogical animal.

Cricket and Politics—I was sorry indeed to learn of the publicised decision of the most popular of all living cricketers to refuse to play against the South Africans. It is seldom that David Sheppard plays first-class cricket in any year. He is the kind of parson who has not time for any sort of cricket but street or yard cricket among boys and, for that reason, his rare emergences are valued and his opinion on a game which he plays superbly as a game is listened to with respect. There are so few great cricketers left who regard cricket as a splendid game and not a business of world importance. I mourn for that great game, brought low by publicity and record-making, by bumpers and defensive fielding, and by over-advertising of star performers. Against these deadly diseases our favourite parson-batsman stood out. Now we must add politics to the list of killers. I do not doubt his sincerity. None could do so. I question his logic. Politics and cricket cannot be logically linked, and even among our most publicised and publicist cricketers, we find none deeply embroiled in politics. More often we wish some of them took some interest in more serious matters outside sport. That would help to keep cricket in right proportion. It would strike me as unjust if a schoolmaster penalised the whole school for the misdeeds of certain *named* boys or if a parson discontinued to coach East End boys on a recreation-ground because a murder had been committed in his parish. A gesture is only fine and effective if it be directed against proven ill-doers. If cricket and cricketers on the international level are to be so mixed up in international politics, let us give up these Test matches, which indeed are becoming rather more like dull tests of endurance and concentrate on village cricket, which still preserves some of the original spirit of that great game.

The New Plumbers—We pay a lot to the cost of our Ministries. The permanent officials at the top are usually experienced and highly efficient, and when we chance to get a Minister who himself is energetic, experienced and determined, we often wish that they could settle more matters that concern them off their own bats. But always, of course, they must shelter under the time-honoured old umbrella of Government. They must be advised by advisers; experts from outside must explore avenues for them and indicate to them what they must do, to do the work they are paid to do. Mr. Marples —whether conscious of his own and the Ministry's abilities or no—knew the rules and set up a committee of experts to explore the weedy avenues that lead to railway reform. He greatly annoyed the Trade Unions because they are not represented on that four-man working party, and, for all I know, annoyed the Commission for the same reason. I confess that his omissions seem justified by past history and past results. Over the years since nationalisation, one would not name the relevant unions as sincere architects of reform or the Commission, with all its handicaps, as successful builders. And if I had a blocked drain, growing yearly more unwholesome, I would not call in the plumbers who for years tinkered with it or neglected it, in a last effort to put things right. I should give the contract to a new firm, even while I deplore extra expense and more delays.

Face-saving at Oxford—I was shocked to see a photograph of a mason lifting off the head of one of those amples ladies who guarded the tower of Trinity Chapel. Time had severed its attachment to its shoulders, and it was merely " balanced." When I was at Trinity, I sometimes woke to find that figure-head indecorously crowned with a once common bedroom utensil, and I hope the Alpine Club did not hasten the guillotine processes of Time. Lord Bridges of late has attacked the petulance of Mr. Betjeman, who does not find the restorations " sensitive " and would prefer to see the old walls patched up with the same old stone. Mr. Betjeman is not perhaps very effective as a " Brains Trustee " *viva voce*. He is too explosive, staccato and contradictory. With the pen, he is usually lucid and trenchant. But in his criticism of the Oxford College restoration work, he seems to have left gaping joints in his harness. The Sheldonian " beavers," for instance. He gave the impression that these old gentlemen were genuine antiques. Lord Bridges pointed out to him that they were bad mid-Victorian replicas carved in the same soft stone which has made necessary this vast facing operation. I don't like Oxford's new face, Trinity's in particular. There is more charm and picturesqueness in ruins; but Oxford is not in every sense a home of lost causes, and for sixty years undergraduates would endorse Lord Bridges' assurance to Mr. Betjeman that the crumbling walls did indeed " let in the rain." If heads and faces must fall at Oxford, it is better to replace them with Clipsham than with shoddy. Refacing is an expensive operation and a melancholy one, and no one who loves Oxford wants it to recur every century.

THE OLD STAGER

FINALE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Demonstrators with their banners are watched by a vast crowd at the end of the four-day march from Aldermaston. Some 20,000 people took part on the last lap of the demonstration against Britain's retention of the H-bomb.

THE ALDERMASTON MARCH

The Mass Demonstration at Easter for Banning the H-Bomb

The "ban the H-bomb" march organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament took place for the third year in succession this Easter. It began, as usual, on Good Friday, when the demonstrators gathered outside the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, in Berkshire. The route of the previous year was followed, with night stops at Reading, Slough and Chiswick. The grand finale was on Easter Monday, when the marchers rallied in Trafalgar Square. Throughout the four days the number of those taking part steadily increased. On Sunday night it was estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 people arrived at Chiswick Town Hall. Among those who led the march at various times were Canon Collins, the Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. J. B. Priestley and his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, Mr. Ritchie Calder, the science writer, and a number of Labour M.P.s who favour unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb by Britain.

The bulk of the demonstrators were of student age, but there were some elderly people in the ranks. In spite of an appeal from the organisers to keep children away, several parents carried babies or wheeled infants in perambulators. Several sections of the demonstrators bore banners proclaiming they had come from other countries. Those who saw the march coming into London on Sunday night could not fail to be impressed by the military precision with which arrangements had been organised. On Monday afternoon Trafalgar Square was packed by a dense crowd to see the marchers arrive and there was no room in the Square for many of the demonstrators. Speeches were made from the plinth of Nelson's Column before the marchers dispersed. No incidents were reported, and for the smooth running of the rally the police certainly deserved their share of credit.

On right—

THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON: Marchers set out from Chiswick, where they had spent the last night of the Aldermaston to London march, organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Olympic Riders

Britain's Jumping Team in Training at Arundel

In the last Olympics the British show jumping team were Bronze Medallists. In the coming Games in Rome it is clear that every effort is going to be made to improve on this and carry off the Gold Medals, as was done at Helsinki in 1952. Seven riders from whom the final selection will be made accepted invitations from the British Show Jumping Association to go into training in the grounds of Arundel Castle at the beginning of this month. They represent a judicious blend of experience and youth. Mr. Wilf White has, of course, Nizefela as one of his two mounts. Miss Smythe is also riding two horses. Brigadier C. H. Blacker is on Workboy. The nineteen-year-old members of the training team are Miss Ann Townsend and Mr. David Broome.

A testing programme has been arranged for the team. This week since Thursday (April 21) they have been appearing in Training Practices at the Badminton Horse Trials. Next week they will be at the Ascot Jumping Show. Next month horses and riders will be seen at the Newark and Nottingham, the Royal Windsor and the Devon County Shows and in the Hobby Horse Show Jumping Championship at Cardiff. In June they are due to go on a European tour, to Wiesbaden and Lucerne, and return in time for the Royal International Horse Show at White City in July.

OVER THE WATER: Miss Pat Smythe on Flanagan takes an obstacle in the grounds of Arundel Castle, in Sussex. She is one of the seven riders invited by the British Show Jumping Association to train for the British jumping team in this year's Olympic Games in Rome next September. Training began at Arundel early this month.

On left—

A TRAINING EXERCISE: Mr. David Barker and Franco jump clear. A long and exacting training programme has been arranged for the possible team members, including appearances at a number of horse shows in Britain and on the Continent.

On right—

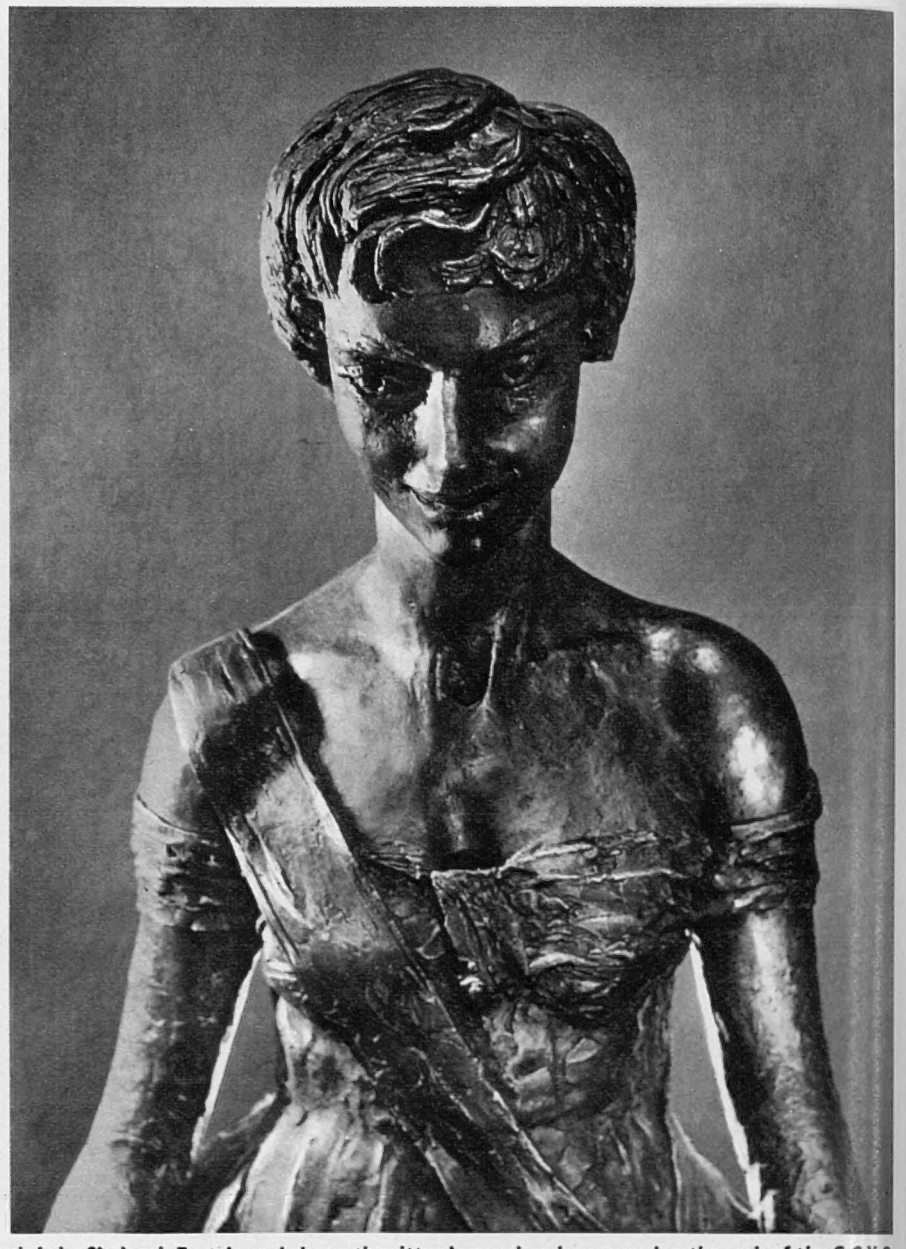
MR. DAVID BROOME ON WILDFIRE III: The nineteen-year-old rider from Chepstow is another of those under training. It was expected that the training team would be at the Badminton Horse Trials which started last Thursday (April 21).

ONE OF THREE WOMEN IN TRAINING: Miss Ann Townsend is on Bandit IV. The other two women at Arundel are Miss Pat Smythe, who is riding Grand Manan as well as Flanagan, and Mrs. Dawn Wofford, with Hollandia.

SOME OF BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC POSSIBLES: From left are: Miss Ann Townsend on Bandit IV; Mr. David Barker on Franco; Miss Pat Smythe on Flanagan, and Mr. David Broome on Wildfire III. From the seven at Arundel the British team will be chosen for the Olympic jumping events in Rome.

PRINCESS MARGARET BY SIR JACOB EPSTEIN

Controversy Over An Unusual Three-Quarter-Length Bronze



A THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH SCULPTURE IN BRONZE OF PRINCESS MARGARET: The work is by Sir Jacob Epstein and shows the sitter in evening dress wearing the sash of the G.C.V.O. Commissioned by the University College of North Staffordshire, of which Princess Margaret is President, the cast was completed shortly before Sir Jacob Epstein's death in August of last year, at the age of seventy-eight. The bronze will be on show at the Royal Academy's summer exhibition, which opens in London at the end of April.

For much of Sir Jacob Epstein's life there was a great deal of controversy about his sculpture although, as his works grew in familiarity and stature, there was also much admiration. In February of 1958, Princess Margaret went to the sculptor's studio to start a series of sittings. Sir Jacob then decided to make the original head and shoulders bust into a three-quarter-length statue, in order to be able to include the Princess's hands. Shortly before his death last summer Sir Jacob completed the model, and at the beginning of this year the bronze was cast in a London foundry.

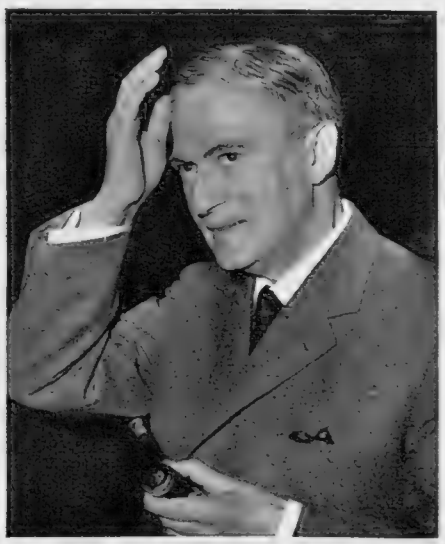
The work was commissioned by the University College of North Staffordshire, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, to honour Princess Margaret, who is the President of the College. It will be on show during the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House of the Royal Academy, from the end of April until August. In the period at the end of June and the beginning of July, the statue will go to the college to be on show during the annual conferring of degrees, at which Princess Margaret is due to preside.

The appearance of these photographs of the statue just before Easter aroused much controversy. From a technical point of view, it appeared to be a typical Epstein in the vitality with which the surface is worked. But most critics agreed that it failed to catch the likeness and charm of Princess Margaret, the first member of the Royal Family to have sat for Sir Jacob.

The News in Pictures

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SUMMIT CONFERENCE: M. Couve de Murville, Mr. Herter and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd meet in Washington to plan Western strategy for the Summit in Paris next month. For some of their discussions they were joined by Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister; Mr. Green, the Canadian Minister of External Affairs; and Signor Segni, the Italian Foreign Minister. Another engagement for the "Big Three" Ministers was a conference with M. Spaak, the Secretary-General of NATO. The main problem for the West was to decide which questions should come first on the Summit agenda, and which left for future Summit meetings. A communiqué from Washington said agreement had been reached on certain general matters.

THE "DARK HORSE" IN THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL STAKES: Mr. Adlai Stevenson is in cheerful mood at a Press Conference in New York. Although he has frequently declared that he does not seek the Democratic nomination for this year's Presidential Election, he told the journalists he did not rule out the possibility of being "drafted" as candidate at his party's convention at Los Angeles in July.



THE OMBUDSMAN IN LONDON: Professor Stephan Hurwitz, the Danish Parliamentary Commissioner for Public Affairs, or Ombudsman, raises his arm while talking to the Press in London. He described his work, which is to inquire into grievances against the administration in Denmark. He said he thought it desirable for any citizen "to go to the top" with his complaints.

MR. MACMILLAN AT A COMMONWEALTH FUNCTION: The Prime Minister shakes hands with Mallam Aba Gana at a reception given by the Joint Commonwealth Societies at the Royal Commonwealth Society in London. Afterwards he addressed the Societies. Mr. Macmillan warned his listeners against the policy of what he called "sending people to Coventry," either in industry or in international relations. It was, he declared, wholly wrong. Free and Communist countries had to learn to live together. Turning to Britain's relations with South Africa, the Prime Minister said that though he believed the Union's policy wrong, "let us not be entrapped into the easy smugness of the distant critic."

On left—

BURMA'S PREMIER RETIRES TO MEDITATE: U Nu enters a Buddhist monastery in Rangoon. He was proposing to spend five days in meditation before taking the oath of office as Prime Minister. He became Head of Government after the recent elections in Burma.

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER IN ALGERIA: M. Debré shakes hands with an official at Tizi Ouzou. At the end of his tour of Algiers last week, the French Prime Minister made an important statement in the course of a broadcast. He said that when President de Gaulle spoke about the possibility of "secession" for Algeria, he really meant "partition." First reaction to this interpretation was that the French settlers, who have hitherto supported integration with France, would be prepared to accept partition in the hope that they would obtain the better half of the country. The Nationalists, however, were expected strongly to oppose any ideas of partition.

A NEW ANGLO-IRISH TRADE AGREEMENT: Documents are signed in the Commonwealth Relations Office in London. Seated from the left are: Mr. Hugh McCann, the Irish Ambassador; the Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mr. F. J. Erroll, Minister of State, Board of Trade. Standing are Mr. Victor Iremonger (left), First Secretary at the Irish Embassy, and Mr. E. O. Laird, of the Economic Department, Commonwealth Relations Office. The new pact, which supplements the previous agreements of 1938 and 1948, aims at increasing mutual trade.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TOWED ON THE THAMES: A huge 120-ton caisson gate is towed by two tugs under Tower Bridge on its way to the new public cleansing depot and wharf, which is being built by the City of London Corporation near Cannon Street Station. The gate is part of the equipment which will control the water-level at the wharf, enabling barges to be moved at all tides. It forms part of the £1,250,000 scheme to replace the present depot at Letts Wharf, near Waterloo Bridge. Construction started in September of 1958 and the scheme is due to be completed in the autumn of 1962. The depot will provide refuse tipping facilities for the Boroughs of Holborn and Finsbury. Barges will take refuse to Dagenham for disposal.

SWISS FAREWELL TO THEIR GENERAL: Crowds line the street in Lausanne as the funeral cortege of General Henri Guisan proceeds to Lausanne Cathedral for the funeral service. General Guisan, who died just before Easter at the age of eighty-six, was buried in the cemetery of Pully, a little village in which he lived. He was only the third Swiss General in a hundred years; generals are only elected in Switzerland on the occasion of the general mobilisation of the Swiss Army. His predecessors were General Herzog for the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and General Wille for the 1914-18 war. General Guisan deserved the gratitude of his country in particular for one act. When Italy came into the war and Pétain's Government had fallen, Switzerland was surrounded. On the meadow of the Grütli, by the Lake of Lucerne, on which 649 years previously the three founding fathers of the Swiss Confederation had sworn their original oath, General Guisan convened Swiss civil and military leaders and induced them to swear to resist. Their solidarity convinced the German General Staff that the risk of attacking Switzerland was not worth while.

On right—

NEW Q.C. SWORN IN AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS: Mrs. Elizabeth K. Lane, Q.C., one of twenty-two new Queen's Counsel, leaves Westminster after the swearing-in ceremony. She is with her husband, who is also a barrister. Mrs. Lane was the only woman Q.C. to be sworn in at the ceremony.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY FLIES HOME: Mr. Iain Macleod walks at London Airport with his wife, and his daughter Diana and his son Torquil. The Colonial Secretary had returned from his two-week tour of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and a week in Mauritius. During his stay on the island, Mr. Macleod had the opportunity of seeing the devastation wrought on Mauritius by the recent cyclones.

TRAPPING AN ESCAPED CONVICT IN EGYPT: At the resort of Helwan, not far from Cairo on the River Nile, a line of armed policemen lie prone with their rifles at the ready, watched by a large crowd. They surrounded a cave outside the resort where they had trapped an escaped convict who was serving a sentence of six years for robbery. The convict had escaped from Alexandria prison vowing to kill his wife, whom he accused of infidelity. While free he was stated to have killed one person and wounded five others. He was finally shot.

MAJOR SALEM RECUPERATES IN LONDON: He talks to his wife from his bed in a London clinic. He is suffering from an undisclosed disease, which needed a blood transfusion. Major Salem, who has been President Nasser's spokesman, and a former Egyptian Minister for National Guidance, first gained prominence when he danced in his underwear before Sudanese chiefs in 1953.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BUILDING A NEW SWIMMING-POOL IN MOSCOW: From the other side of the River Moskva can be seen the site of the large circular open-air pool which is under construction on the Kropotkinskaya Embankment. It is adjacent to public gardens along the river. The pool has a diameter of approximately 590 ft. and will hold, when finished, nearly 850,000 cub. ft. of water. The number of lorries compared to cars on the embankment is usual in Moscow, where they outnumber cars by five to one.

BLOCKING THE RAILWAY LINES: Shattered wagons are strewn across the lines after a goods train was derailed about 200 yards north of the railway station at Horley, in Surrey. Twenty wagons of the 1.5 p.m. freight train between Battersea, London, and Three Bridges, Sussex, came off the lines and both down lines and one of the two up lines were blocked. No one was injured. Breakdown gangs worked throughout the night to clear the wreckage but there were delays for people who were travelling to the South Coast at the week-end.

On right—

INTRODUCED INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS: Lord Nelson of Stafford, who was made a peer in the New Year's Honours List in January, is with his sponsors, Lord Mills (left) and Lord Citrine, on the occasion of his formal introduction. His barony was conferred in recognition of his services to electrical engineering and to research and technical education. Lord Nelson, who is seventy-two, has been either Chairman or Managing Director of the English Electric Group since 1930.

BY SLEEPING-CAR FROM LONDON TO MOSCOW: At the Hook of Holland is one of the U.S.S.R. Railway's wagon-lits, which will be used on the part of the journey from the Hook of Holland to the Soviet capital. Passengers from London will leave Liverpool Street and travel by boat to link up with the service, which comes into operation on May 29. The Soviet sleeping cars have two-berth compartments. On reaching the Russian frontier point, railway bogies have to be changed because of the wider gauge of the lines. (Further information about the service from Liverpool Street to Moscow is in the Travel notes on page 136.)

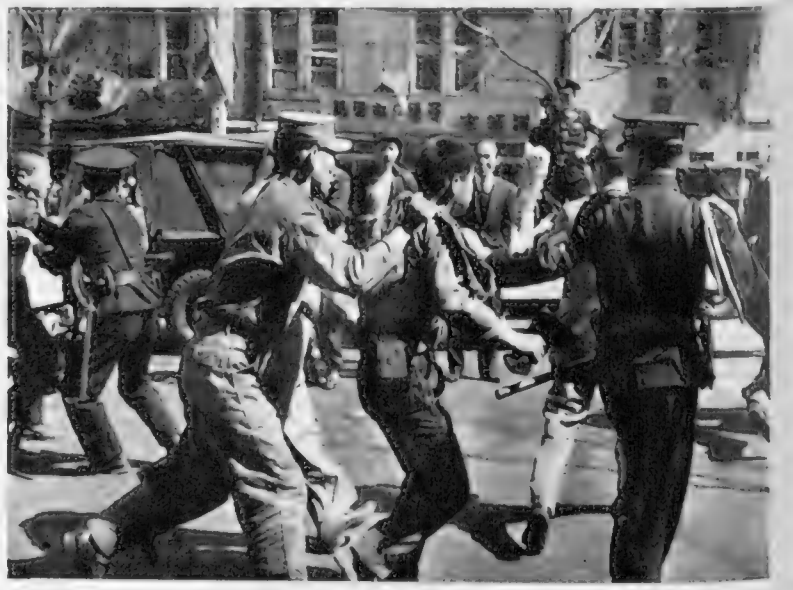
ON THE BRINK OF THE NIAGARA FALLS: An employee of Niagara State Park stands on the rock at the top of the Falls from which the water has been diverted during cleaning operations by a coffer dam (background). The log, which is stuck at the top of the falls reached the spot last summer. In the distance on the right is the Canadian shore.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

WATER FROM A CHINESE DESERT: Peasants of the People's Community of Hsichuan, on the borders of the Gobi Desert in North China, dig a deep channel so that water can irrigate their farmlands. It is reported that to date a total length of thirty miles of channels have been dug and forty-three wells sunk in this area, near the frontier with Mongolia. The agricultural improvements are taken by some observers as a sign of improvement in Sino-Mongolian relations. A Mongolian delegation was at the Chinese People's Congress in Pekin last week.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN PRESIDENT NASSER AND MR. NEHRU: They talk together in Delhi, in one of a number of discussions during Colonel Nasser's recent twelve-day visit to India. Besides meeting leading statesmen of India, the U.A.R. President was taken on a tour of the country. At Nangal he declared that the newly independent states of Asia and Africa were looking to India "to provide an example of the pursuit of an independent policy while at the same time working hard to develop themselves." From India President Nasser went last week for six days to Pakistan.

A WOMAN ORDAINED PRIEST IN SWEDEN: Miss Elizabeth Djurle kneels before Bishop Helge Ljungberg (extreme right) during her ordination in the Cathedral of Stockholm. She was one of three women who were the first to be admitted to the priesthood in the history of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church of Sweden. The others were Miss Margrit Sahlin, ordained by Archbishop Gunnar Hultgren, the Primate of Sweden, in St. Catherine's Chapel, Oesterskaer, near Stockholm, and Miss Ingrid Persson, ordained by Bishop Ruben Josefson in Harnoesand Cathedral, North Sweden. All the ordinations took place on Palm Sunday. In 1958 the Swedish Parliament passed an Act admitting women equally with men to the priesthood in the Swedish State Church. This caused theological dissension which has not yet been settled. The Church of England, which is in communion with the Swedish Church, has to some extent become involved in this controversy.



RIOTS IN SOUTH KOREA: Police arrest a demonstrator in Seoul. *On left*—Supporters of the Democratic Party march through a street of the capital of South Korea in protest against the result of the recent Presidential Election. President Syngman Rhee, the veteran leader of the Liberal Party, was re-elected unopposed for his fourth term of office last month. The Opposition Democrats allege there were irregularities at the polls. In the past few weeks there have been disorders in many towns in South Korea. A police station in Masan, in the south-east of the country, was reported to have been stormed by angry rioters last week. According to police statements, hand-grenades were thrown at the station and ten policemen wounded.

World Affairs

The Complex Tragedy of South Africa

By JOHN CONNELL

THERE are two inexorable factors in the South African tragedy: the first is the pressure of time, in a swiftly changing world; the second is that, though it ought not to be, it is being simplified down into the narrowest, most absolute of dilemmas. It thrusts its spear deeper and deeper into the heart and conscience of everyone affected—and who can claim that he or she is not affected, since its challenge is as fierce and as destructive as that of the Nazis?—but then the blade twists.

I have had, as anyone who does me the honour of reading this page week by week, an insistent sense of foreboding about events in Africa to which I have given repeated expression since the beginning of the year. I have tried, I hope, to avoid melodramatic extremism; I have tried to put the issues and my own ideas and beliefs about them as calmly and as rationally as I can—not, I admit, dispassionately, because this is a crisis which arouses in me, as in many others, deep and serious passions. I have received in return a volume of correspondence from Africa, which has served to sharpen my conscience and strengthen my sense of responsibility.

On Friday, April 8, I had a letter from an English-speaking South African, a woman farmer living in Cape Province. It was a wise, courageous letter, which stood up by its own merits, but its author enclosed a document giving certain details about herself and her family background which reinforced the impression her own writing had made on me. She pointed out, quite correctly, that I erred in using the word "Afrikaner" loosely, where in fact I meant "Nationalist," and extreme Nationalist at that. She went on to stress the fact, which well deserves stressing, that the Bantu (or, as they call themselves in her neighbourhood, the Abantsundu, the dark brown people) are no more indigenous to South Africa than are the Europeans; and that the indigenous races, the Bushmen, the Hottentots and Strandlopers, are extinct.

She continued: "Their end was inevitable. I doubt if there is any record of even polite regret at their passing, but with them has gone balance of soil, vegetation, beast, and man in the sub-continent. The balance will not be redressed by cant, by *apartheid*, or by Pan-African political domination. If there is any hope it must be in what I am beginning to think of as 'Commonship'—common sense, common humanity, integrity, and common politeness. I hope we shall see an increase of these virtues in the British Commonwealth so that we may be proud to belong to it, or, should our present Government continue its Gadarene career and secede or be thrown out, to drink to it loyally across the water until we are evicted or liquidated by the future black bosses."

In all of us, therefore, who think that, by our writing or speaking, we influence public opinion, the determination not to cant must be inflexible. Yet how difficult it is to maintain that resolve. Inconsistency and doubt will keep breaking in. The night after I had had this letter I found myself receiving neither consolation nor clarification on the whole South African issue in a singularly bleak and uncomfortable discussion, which took place on television, with Canon Collins, the head of "Christian Action."

Then on the following afternoon, when one's mind should have been concentrated on other matters—Palm Sunday, a day in the country, putting the clocks forward an hour, and the selection of a new best man—there were the placards and the headlines of the evening newspapers flaring out the words: "Verwoerd Shot."

Here was the catalyst—or so it seemed at that moment. And here, too, in its most dramatic form, was the challenge which can neither be evaded nor denied. Only a few hours earlier, trying to prepare and discipline my mind and heart for my encounter with Canon Collins, I had recalled—in connection, as I thought, with the absolute demands of conscience—the five words "for whom the bell tolls"; and I had looked up the complete quotation: "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind: And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

The spirit is as capable of death and corruption as the body; to have involved oneself in politics in the past thirty years is to have put oneself in constant danger, not of a little transient pollution, but of that utter corruption which is the forerunner—the greasy, cowardly, avaricious forerunner—of death of the spirit. The reactions to an event such as the attempted assassination of Dr. Verwoerd follow, I have discovered with some grimness, a familiar pattern: the immediate, sophisticated, but heartless and amoral, "What a pity the man didn't finish the job off properly"; then the exertion of certain entails, the awareness of human factors, the tingling compassion, the admiration for courage; and finally the assertion of a lifetime's mental and emotional disciplines.

JUST BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT: The South African Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, and his wife are in the grounds of the Union Exposition in Johannesburg. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Verwoerd opened the Exposition, celebrating South Africa's fifty years of union. He was shot twice in the face, just after finishing his speech. Several days later, it was reported that he was able to remain Head of the South African Government.

LEADERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT: *Left* is Dr. T. E. Donges, Minister of Finance, runner-up to Dr. Verwoerd in both ballots for the National Party Leadership since 1958. *Right* is Mr. P. Sauer, Minister of Lands, who spoke for the Government in the days after the assassination attempt.

One is one's own censor; and like all other censors one is both fallible and prejudiced. But I wonder how many people in Britain, not involved in politics, stopped at the first instinctive (yet, I repeat, sophisticated) reaction? For none of us who has reached maturity is without a good deal of experience in these troublous and heart-searching matters; and when we do cant, we should be quite clear about our reasons and our motives. By the Sunday evening I certainly was in the mood to cant, to deplore the mad violence of the would-be murderer's action, to talk and write about an evil deed in an evil time, and to express the conventional, courteous sympathy with Dr. Verwoerd, his family and colleagues.

The unanimity with which British newspapers, on Monday morning, expressed the disciplined, conventional and conformist sentiments was most impressive: "A dreadful act," said *The Times*; "this mad act," said the *Daily Mail*; "We must be profoundly thankful," said the *Guardian*, "that Dr. Verwoerd was not killed on Saturday, and that his assailant was not an African." I do not condemn or mock this unanimity; goodness knows, I swelled the chorus of appropriate comments myself. Communication between nations, as between individuals, demands good manners—in my South African correspondent's phrase—"common politeness"; and that implies a degree of self-discipline, of repression of the immediate and instinctive reactions, and indeed of hypocrisy.

But where and when should common politeness cease? Clearly we have all, myself included, decided that in relations with South Africa this is not yet. I am not really in doubt that this is right. That letter which I have quoted strengthens me in this opinion; so do some words written by that brave and brilliant South African, Colonel Laurens van der Post, in a letter to *The Times*, dissociating himself from the extremist and totally condemnatory attitude which "Christian Action" has taken up, and used his name to support, without having previously consulted him. They are addressed directly to the people of the United Kingdom:

"Be positively for the good rather than merely against the evil in South Africa, resisting violence yourselves without becoming violent in spirit. Finally, keep open the bridges, whatever they are, between yourselves and the creative forces struggling for expression in all races in my country. Like the Pharisee, it is never enough to pass by on the opposite side of the road."

Colonel van der Post stressed, just as my correspondent had stressed, the lack of precision in our thinking, here in Britain, about events in South Africa; I would only add the rider: events in Africa generally. He also made the utterly essential point that it is impossible for anyone who is striving to attain that precision to join in the mood of unqualified condemnation of "the whites." Consider, after all, the colour of the hand that held the pistol when Dr. Verwoerd was shot down. "No one can understand our politics," said Colonel van der Post, "unless they realise that they are increasingly a struggle between white and white over the emancipation into full citizenship of our black countrymen."

The increasing number of white men and women who are being flung into prison, on no charge and the thinnest of suspicions, is evidence of the stern truth of that assertion. But if you lived through the 1930's you cannot but be haunted by knowledge of an analogous, though not precisely similar, course of events which worked themselves out to a merciless climax.

I have an octogenarian friend living here in London; his name is Colonel Richard Meinertzhagen; he is a retired regular officer, with a brilliant record in intelligence in the Middle East during and after World War I. Though he was a passionate Zionist, and is now a devoted supporter of the State of Israel, he had in the 1930's some remarkably close contacts with influential Nazis, and had more than one personal interview with Adolf Hitler.

At the end of June 1939 Meinertzhagen was staying in Berlin with his cousin, Theresa Clay. Early on June 28 he had a telephone call, saying Hitler wished to see him at eleven o'clock that morning. He kept the appointment and, as he has recorded in his diary (published earlier this year), he "took the precaution" of placing a loaded automatic pistol in his pocket. He spent forty minutes alone with Hitler and Ribbentrop; he had ample opportunity to kill them both, but refrained from using the pistol (he is, I should add, a magnificent shot). "If this war breaks out," he wrote in his diary that night, "as I feel sure it will, then I shall feel very much to blame for not killing these two; on the other hand, I am quite sure that if I killed them both there would be no war and I should be written off as a madman."

On Saturday, April 9, it appears that someone must have tried to take the opportunity which Meinertzhagen did not. Whom to condemn? Whom to praise?

THE START OF A NEW MOTORWAY FROM PARIS TO THE SOUTH: Traffic speeds towards Paris on a section of the new highway, which was opened just before Easter in an official ceren by M. Buron, the Minister of Public Works, and M. Chatenet, Minister of the Interior. The section which has been opened includes the approach roads through the Paris subu and three branches. One of these runs from Paris to Orly Airport, another is the section linking the new highway to National Route 20 and Orléans, and the third links **National Route 7 and Fontainebl This makes a total of about 25 m** The next section which is to be is the continuation to Nem Eventually it is planned that the m way will run south through F to Lyons and Marseilles. In ord build the wide dual-carriagew number of houses have had t pulled down and the inhabitant settled, as well as the construct bridges for pedestrians and other s

BRIDGE AND ROADS

Work in Britain and Fr

On left—

THE LAST TOLL IS PAID: A ve **passes over the Langstone Bri which links the north en Hayling Island to the mainl** The island lies between Lang Harbour and Chichester Hav Shortly before Easter, the Hamp County Council freed the bridge tolls. There are still a numbe roads and bridges in Britain w are subject to tolls, including on class one roads. Questions frequently been asked in the Com on the question of tolls and they have not been abolished reply it has been stated that position is complicated by ag rights and by the position of mercial corporations which unde the building of the roads or bri

A NEW LINK BETWEEN DEVON AND CORNWALL: Supports for a road bridge over the River Tamar rise on the Devonshire bank. On the far side of the water is Saltash, in Cornwall. Hitherto there has only been a ferry at this point for road traffic, the one bridge, seen on left, being the famous Brunel railway bridge. It is expected that the new road link will be completed by the autumn of next year. In design it is hoped that it will complement the graceful lines of the railway bridge, which has above its entrance portal the inscription "I. K. Brunel, Engineer, 1859." The centenary of the structure designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel was celebrated last year.

On left—

OPENED IN TIME FOR EASTER: After officially opening the new Lancaster By-pass, Dr. Charles Hill, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, drives past a giant sign, with the route's number on it—M 6. He was deputising for Mr. Marples, the Minister of Transport, who was busy introducing the second reading in the Commons of the Road Traffic and Roads Improvements Bill. The by-pass, which is 11·6 miles long and cost about £4,000,000, forms part of the proposed Birmingham to Penrith, Cumberland, motorway. It is estimated that a car takes from 12 to 15 minutes to cover the new stretch, compared with the 25 to 120 minutes, according to traffic conditions, taken to cover the 12·2 miles of the A. 6, which it replaces. In peak holiday periods more than 15,000 vehicles a day use the route. Officials of the Lancashire County Council have expressed hopes that when legal formalities and objections have been surmounted, the link-up between the Lancaster By-pass and the Preston By-pass, opened in 1958, may be completed by 1963. In the interim, motorists have to use 13½ miles of the narrow A. 6 between the two. Work started on the Lancaster By-pass in 1957. It has twin 24-ft. carriageways, with a central reserve 37 ft. wide. This would allow for the future widening of the dual carriageways to 36 ft. each.

DISORDER IN SENS: During a demonstration in the town on the main road south from Paris, police, using their batons, charge through clouds of tear gas. About 15,000 farmers took part in the demonstration in Sens, during which both they and the police involved used tear gas.

FRENCH FARMERS PROTEST

Demonstrations Held in Towns in Many Parts of France

Thousands of French farmers in seventeen towns all over the country took part in protests against the French Government's agricultural policy. The discontent stems from the farmers' belief that while the general level of prosperity in France has risen greatly, particularly in industry, their own position has not improved. The Government has approved various Bills, to be tabled in Parliament at the beginning of the next session, which are intended to provide a long-term plan to meet the requirements of French agriculture. Under the plan, credits for 1961-63, estimated at the equivalent of about £253,000,000, will cover such matters as equipment, water supplies, and a new method of fixing farm prices. Against this last provision, the farmers were demonstrating—they claimed that under it, agricultural prices will still be at a disadvantage compared to industry. At many of the meetings speakers referred to the importance and difficulty of keeping young people on the farms.

DEMONSTRATION IN TOURS: M. Joseph Coureau, the President of the National Federation of Farmers' Union (right), shakes hands with a farmer. About 9,000 people attended the rally at which M. Coureau was the principal speaker.

IN SENS: The crowd of demonstrators fills the square in the agricultural town. Sens was one of the few places at which incidents occurred during the protest meetings held all over France, in towns as scattered as Avignon, Strasbourg, Beauvais, Nantes, Quimper, and Saint-Brieuc.

March to Jerusalem

An Annual Competition in Israel

It has often been remarked that the establishment of the jet and the nuclear age has brought with it an added interest in pedestrianism. Foot-slogging still competes in the news with breaking the sound-barrier or putting a satellite into orbit. An obvious example is the amount of attention which has been paid to the recent John o'Groats to Land's End walks in Great Britain.

Two countries which for some years have organised marching rather than walking competitions are the Netherlands and Israel. The pictures on this page illustrate the sixth annual Israel route-march, which ended as usual in Jerusalem. It is open to both military and civilian groups or individuals, and is by no means confined to those of Israeli nationality. Among the 5,000 competitors earlier this month there was a group from the Netherlands and at least one entrant from Switzerland. The latter was reported to be a policeman. The course consisted of a distance of some 100 miles for men and about 75 miles for women.

When the march, which lasted for four days, was finished all the participants gathered in the stadium of the Israeli University before parading through Jerusalem. Those who had won distinction in the march were presented with medals by General Laskov, the Chief of Staff of the Army.

THROUGH A LAND OF THE BIBLE: Units of the Israeli Army march along the street in Ein-Karem on their way to Jerusalem. The soldiers were taking part in the annual route-march through Israel. It was held earlier this month for the sixth year in succession.

ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM: Arab youths who live in Israel stride along the highway in the route-march competition. The course for men was about 100 miles and for women 75 miles. It was reported that 5,000 competitors took part in the four-day event.

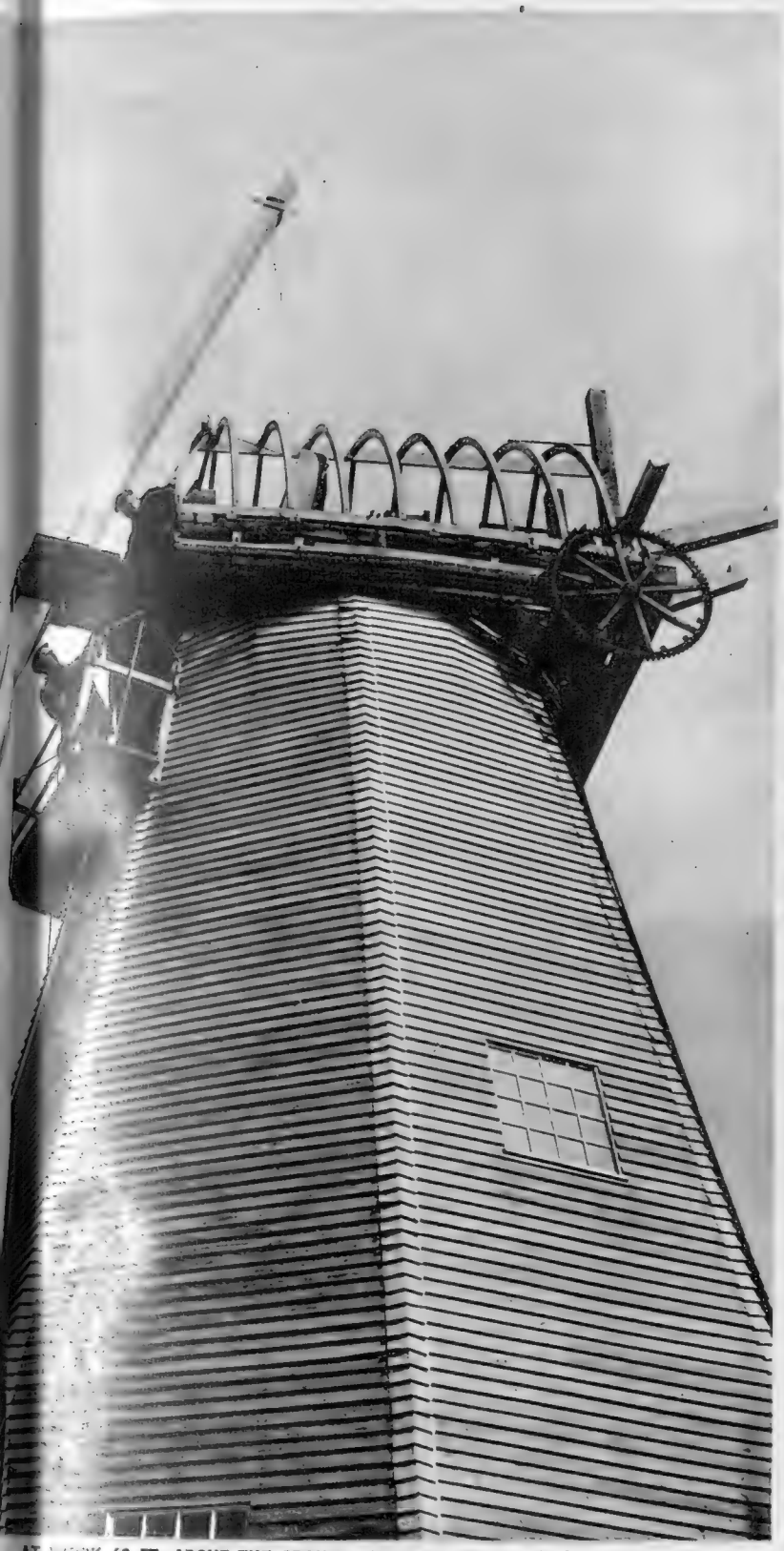
WOMEN COMPETITORS: Members of the Women's Section of the Israeli Army's Military Police show smartness and precision en route for Jerusalem. At the end of the march winners in both men and women's sections were presented with medals.

OVERCOMING PHYSICAL DISABILITY: Blind men and women, accompanied by nurses, are given a rousing welcome as they parade through Jerusalem. Entry to the annual international event is open to men and women in fighting services and to civilians.

VARIATION ON A PEDESTRIAN THEME: Postmen are cheerful as they near Jerusalem. Their sombrero-type hats and shirts and slacks are not their official uniform. In this year's route-march in Israel there were also a number of foreign competitors.

RESTORATION AT WEST KINGSDOWN, IN MID-KENT: Workmen are hoisting one of the main beams (or sail-backs) to the top of the old windmill, which is being restored by Kent County Council as part of its policy of preserving a few worthwhile specimens of windmills in various parts of the county.

ON THE GROUND: All hands to the winch gear for the raising of the main bea which weighs about 15 cwts. *On left*—The sails are prepared; each 30 ft. long. The restoration work is expected to be completed next mont



AT WORK 60 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND: With the first main beam in position the men have gone aloft to make preparations for the fixing of the sails. The raising and fixing of the beams is a highly skilled task for the millwrights.

AT THE TOP OF THE MILL: Nine-year-old Michael Heaton, the son of the former owner, stands against the brake wheel 60 ft. from the ground. The Council have accepted the mill as a gift from Mr. Douglas Heaton, to whom a lease has been granted. It will not be used again.

NEW SAILS FOR AN OLD WINDMILL

The West Kingsdown Windmill is Being Restored by Kent County Council

The West Kingsdown windmill, which is regarded as a typical example of a smock mill in the heart of Kent, has stood on its present site since 1880. Before that it had stood in the parish of Farningham, its removal to West Kingsdown costing £800. With its two spring shutter sails and two canvas sails, it was last worked in 1928, after which it started to deteriorate almost to the point of internal collapse. It is now in the keeping of Kent County Council which, on the recommendation of its Planning Committee, is carrying out an extensive programme of restoration.

The top of the mill, which was badly decayed, has been rebuilt and four new sails provided. Last week, as the restoration work neared completion, the millwright, Mr. Bob Thompson, began to place the sails in position, a task which was expected to last about four days, providing the weather conditions were favourable. The two main beams, each measuring 40 ft. long, were raised 58 ft. to the shaft and, when they were in position, the four 30-ft.-long sails were to be secured. Although there is no intention to use the mill again for commercial purposes, the four sails are expected to be moved from time to time. Also in the present work, the mill-stone floor has had to be jacked and fixed in a level position, as it had sunk 9 ins. The three pairs of mill-stones are still in position, but the main gearing, which was removed some years ago, is not being replaced.

The cost of the work is expected to be about £4,500, towards which the Dartford Rural District Council has agreed to make a contribution of £400 and to help with future maintenance. It is hoped that other organisations may give some financial help towards the cost.

A DOMINATING LANDMARK: The octagonal-shaped mill is of special interest as it can be seen from the London-Folkestone-Dover road. It is of timber construction and stands on a square brick base. The millwrights repairing the mill are R. Thompson & Son, of Alford, Lincolnshire.

WHITBY OUT OF SEASON

The Fascination of One of England's Older Coastal Settlements; its Jigsaw of Streets and Houses and its Ancient Industries

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I NEVER seem to get to the places I really want to go to at the right time of year. For years past I have wanted to go to Whitby. I should like to be able to say that this all started with my grandmother's jet necklace, but it really started with reading Mrs. Gaskell, a very considerable novelist now sadly out of fashion. It was her *Sylvia's Lovers*, a story of Whitby in the great whaling days, which first fired my imagination. Then I discovered Storm Jameson, mistress of good prose, who has so often brought Whitby and Whitby people into her novels: her delicately minute studies of local character whetted my appetite still further. For years I have been promising myself a holiday in Whitby.

Now I have been. I have spent three days, not on holiday, at Whitby. Three grey, sunless days, when the temperature never rose above the low 40's, when a north-east wind made it seem much colder than that. Altogether wrong, of course. Summer would be the right time to go to Whitby: Whitby as a holiday resort has a considerable reputation.

I find these older coastal settlements quite fascinating. They did not, it seems to me, grow up haphazard, as have so many of our modern coastal resorts. If they were never planned (in the sense that Brighton or Folkestone or Weymouth were planned) they were deliberately sited and functionally built. Always local materials were used and the builders acknowledged the forces which had carved out the harbours or fashioned the cliffs, giving way to them, never attempting to defeat them. Everyone of these older settlements is a deliberate compromise with nature, and the more interesting for that very reason.

Often, just because of this compromise, there are similarities between coastal settlements geographically far apart—between Brixham and Whitby, or between Scarborough and Torquay—but about all of them, because local materials were used, there is a distinct regional flavour. St. Ives is Cornish: it could be nowhere else. Brixham is as warmly Devon as Whitby is sturdily Yorkshire. Scarborough and Torquay have very similar settings: each is built on the leeside of a large bay; each nestles beneath a steep hill. But consider the buildings and the colours: the one is as definitely a northern town as the other is a southern.

WHITBY AND ITS HARBOUR: A fishing-boat comes in past the breakwater at the entrance to the harbour of the Yorkshire fishing and coastal resort. On the East Cliff is the Church of St. Mary, remodelled in the 17th century by ships' carpenters, and next to it the ruins of the abbey, founded in the 7th century by St. Hilda, the Abbess of Hartlepool.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that you do get a clearer impression of the true character of a place, and especially of a coastal resort, out of season. Taken as a whole, the English coastline was, until quite recently, lonely and unpopulated. You would never think so now: certainly not in summer. But before the speculative builder saw a fortune in bungalows, before the coastal landowner saw a fortune in caravan sites, there must have been mile upon mile of rocky or sandy shore peopled only by sea-birds and waders. In winter it is still possible to walk many a mile without seeing a soul. We may once have been a great seafaring race, but it is evident that most of us took good care to live away from the sea. There were always coastwise settlements, small fishing communities, but, taking the English coastline as a whole, there were not so many of them.

It is astonishing, when you come to think about it, how many of these older settlements were set some little way back from the sea. I can think of three offhand: Lamorna, in Cornwall; Abbotsbury and Burton Bradstock, in Dorset. Others will, no doubt, spring immediately to your mind. It is evident that, as a seafaring race, we had a great respect for the temper of the sea and the force of the winter gales; for, when our forefathers did not build their settlements some way back from the sea, they placed them strategically on the margin of some sheltered inlet, their backs to the prevailing winds. St. Ives, in Cornwall, and Whitby are examples.

Whitby, like Lyme Regis at the other end of the Lias belt, has developed from a fishing town to a holiday resort, though the fishing has not altogether disappeared as it has at Lyme Regis. So now there are virtually two Whitbys: the ancient red-roofed settlement and the modern town which I have seen described (by Ivor Brown, if I remember aright) as " lodging-house Gothic." The ancient town is fascinating. Whitby is very old. That ruined abbey, perched on its cliffs, its west front boldly silhouetted against the sky, its walls worn by salt-laden winds, dates from the eleventh century, but even so it was not the first abbey at Whitby.

It was in 657 that St. Hilda came to Whitby to be abbess of the Saxon monastery, to rule over men and women, and to make the abbey famous as a great training school. It was she, so legend says, who encouraged the vision of the cowherd Caedmon and brought him into the abbey to write his poetry. There stands Caedmon's Cross to prove it. Myself, I do not lay much store by that legend. I do not, for one moment, believe that Caedmon was a cowherd (in the strict sense of the term) and his name suggests that he was not a Saxon, but Whitby is right to boast of the Father of English poetry, for whatever he may have been, he was undoubtedly a citizen of Whitby. They are right, too, to boast of Captain Cook; for, though he was not strictly a Whitby man (he was born at Marton and brought up at Great Ayton), it was Whitby that turned his thoughts towards the sea and Whitby built some of the ships for his great voyages.

In such a town you would expect to find some strange building and a strong connection with the sea. There is still a fishing industry (a fine new fish quay has been built quite recently) and there is still a boat-building industry which has increased in recent years, but I think that you get the strongest impression of a seafaring town in the church of St. Mary. It struck me forcibly the very first time I went into it that this is essentially a seaman's church; a seaman's church rather than a parish church. The whole building is redolent of the sea. This is not just a matter of memorials to fishermen who lost their lives at sea or of furniture fashioned from the timbers of wrecks: you find such things in many a coastwise church.

It is that the whole interior, surely the most astonishing of any church in Britain, gives the impression of having been fashioned by ships' carpenters. It did not surprise me in the least to learn that it was ships' carpenters who, in 1612, lowered the tower and the roof of the nave; that it was ships' carpenters who, at a later date, inserted dormer and sash windows in it. I cannot say that it looks specifically like the work of ships' carpenters. I do not even know that their work does look different from that of any other carpenters: it just seemed natural that it should be so. This is because, when you enter the church, you have the feeling that you are entering a great ship: not a modern ship, but a great galleon perhaps. The great, rectangular nave is filled with box pews and tier upon tier of galleries rising almost to the roof and running hither and thither in all directions. Some of them look fearfully precarious: all of them look awfully like poops, and quarterdecks, and bridges.

The old town is as astonishing. The main streets have been straightened out—the place must have looked like a jig-saw puzzle just tipped out of its box before this happened. But there are still endless narrow alleys, many so steep that they break every now and again into flights of steps, turning at odd angles, so that you get delightful and quite unexpected views of the sea or the harbour. The whole seems a planless jumble. But there was a plan behind it all: that of keeping the family together, so that the sons could work with their father in the one business. The first houses at Whitby stood on separate patches of ground, which were called tofts. As the sons of a toft-holder married, he would build each of them a cottage, either attached to the toft-house or on some part of the toft, and so in time the tofts were swallowed up and there grew up this huddle of cottages with the narrow alleyways between them.

The toft-dwellers, I suppose, would have been fishermen mostly. But, no doubt, a few would have been engaged in one or other of Whitby's two other ancient industries: jet and snake-stones. Jet, the more ancient of the two, brings me back to my grandmother. My grandmother, so far as I can remember, had more than a jet necklace: she had bangles, and bracelets, and brooches as well. She was a great admirer of Queen Victoria and very jet-minded. Actually, jet was worked at Whitby at least 4,000 years ago. Jet ornaments have been found in Bronze Age barrows, and the Romans used it, and there are, I was told, many mentions of it in the abbey rolls.

But it owed its later popularity, its greatest popularity, to Queen Victoria who bought it for mourning. In 1870, 1,200 people were employed in the industry and the yearly output was valued at £25,000. Now jet is quite out of fashion, but jet ornaments and exquisitely carved jet figurines are still fashioned at Whitby and are sent all over the world. It is still a good asset for the tourist trade, which is now Whitby's biggest industry.

The snake-stone industry, now so much in decline that it barely exists even for the tourist trade, also has a long history. It may be said to have been founded by St. Hilda who, so legend says, turned the snakes on the cliffs into ammonites. Another story has it that the ammonite is a snake whose design did not please the Almighty, who therefore never completed it beyond the body stage. (There were, by the way, three ammonites on the arms of the ancient abbey, as there are also on the arms of the present town.) Anyway, the ingenious people of Whitby conceived the idea of completing the unfinished work of the Almighty by carving heads on them at the required place and selling them as mystic snake-stones.

They did well with them. They were said to be very lucky and, if carried constantly, to ensure fertility in women (which, one must admit, was a pretty good selling point for those days). So well did they sell that the local supply of ammonites soon began to run thin. Whereupon the enterprising people of Whitby despatched a number of boats to Lyme Regis at the other end of the Lias belt to bring back supplies. The people of Lyme Regis, with a vast supply on their doorstep, never apparently thought of exploiting it. That, my Whitby friend was careful to point out, was just the difference between the north and the south.

A GUN IN PIECES: During the first public demonstration of the British Army's latest artillery equipment, the Italian-designed 105mm howitzer, the gun is stripped down to its various pieces ready for transportation. Behind stand the six members of the gun crew. The 33rd Parachute Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, gave the demonstration on Salisbury Plain. Adopted by the Army because 105mm is the standard NATO calibre for field artillery, the new gun is far more suitable for airborne and air-transported operations than the 25-pounder. Three separate shoots were carried out during the demonstration, two of them at a target about 3,500 yards away. The target was engaged first by using the 105mm as a field gun and then as a howitzer. Then the shell took twice as long to reach the target, being fired on a parabola to clear an imaginary hill. The third shoot was carried out against a stationary tank about 1,000 yards away. Since it weighs little more than half the weight of a 25-pounder, the 105mm can be easily carried by air; two, with their towing vehicles and trailers can be transported in a Beverley freighter, or one by a Westminster helicopter.

A New Gun for the Army

Demonstrating the Italian-designed 105mm Howitzer

DURING THE DEMONSTRATION: Members of the gun crew manhandle the 105mm into position. ***Right*****—Lieut.-Colonel T. St. G. Caulfeild, Commander of the 33rd Parachute Light Regiment, R.A. (left), shows Major-General G. Baker, Chief of Staff, Headquarters Southern Command, part of the mechanism of the 105mm with its barrel cocked in the air for use as a howitzer. The 33rd Regiment is the first unit to be equipped with the 105mm.**

INCIDENT IN NEWLANDS: In the native township to the west of Johannesburg, members of a crowd rush towards a police officer. It was reported that after the crowd had surrounded the police car, one African was killed.

Up to the time of the attempted assassination of Dr. Verwoerd, the situation in South Africa had gradually become quieter. Police and troops made intensive searches of African townships and hostels, in which great piles of knobkerries, sticks and knives were seized, and numbers of Africans were detained. Many of those were said by the police to be "intimidators" who were preventing other Africans from returning to work by beating them up or threatening to do so. Many Africans did return to work, queueing at the pass offices to obtain temporary documents. It became an offence for employers to retain the service of Africans without passes.

TURMOIL IN THE UNION

Strong Police Measures in South Africa

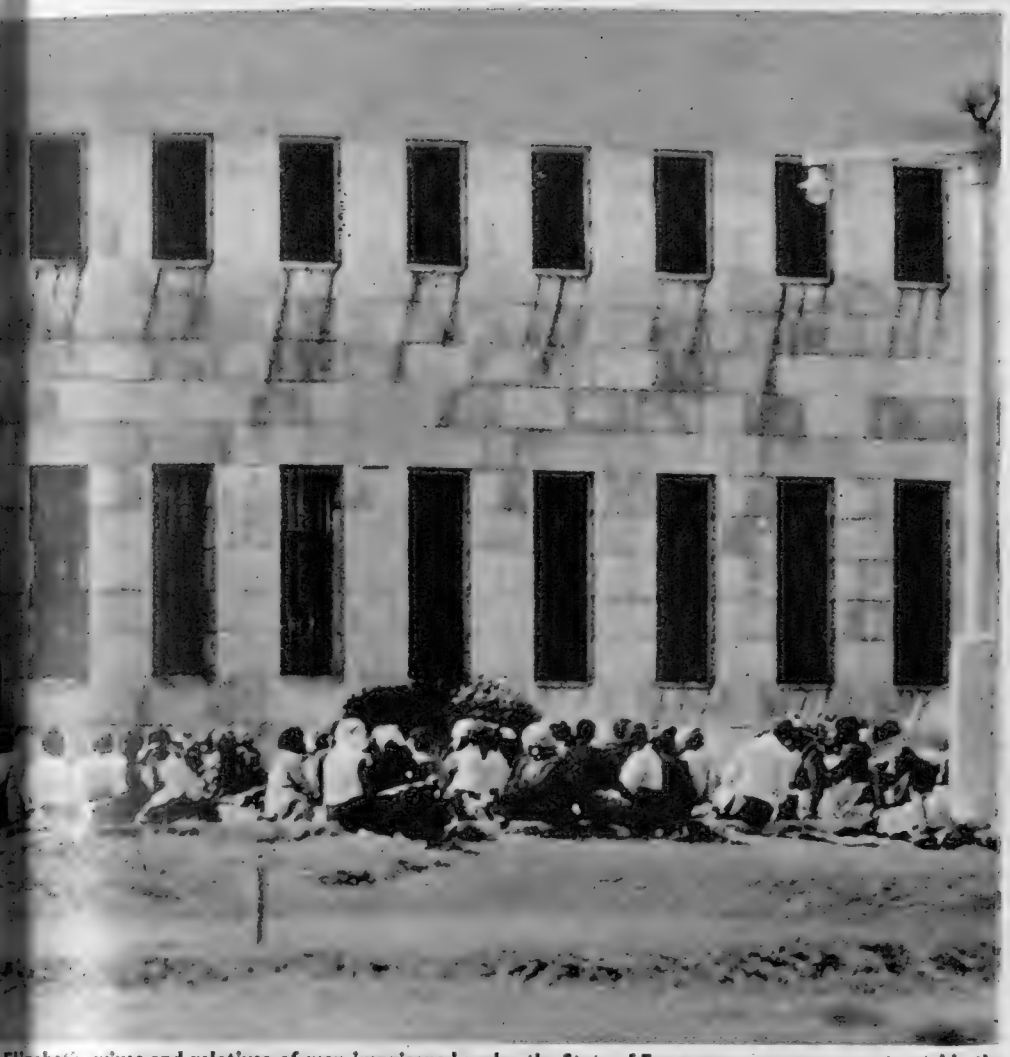
A DAWN RAID: Some of several thousand sticks and knobkerries are piled up after a search of the S. J. Smith Hostel, a fenced cluster of buildings near Durban. Heavily-armed police and troops surrounded the hostel, ordered out 4,500 Africans, and arrested 300. According to police authorities the hostel had been in the hands of "agitators and intimidators." Among the weapons seized there were three firearms. Police carried out a number of similar raids on hostels during the drive to get Africans to go back to work.

On left—

RIOT IN DURBAN: Major Jerry van de Merwe (right) uses a microphone to speak to demonstrators who had marched in a column from Cato Manor to demand the release of their leaders. It was reported that during the time when the mob surged along a Durban street, the police opened fire, and three Africans were killed.

A VIGIL OUTSIDE A PRISON: In h… prison wall, waiting in the hope t… of the banned political organisati…

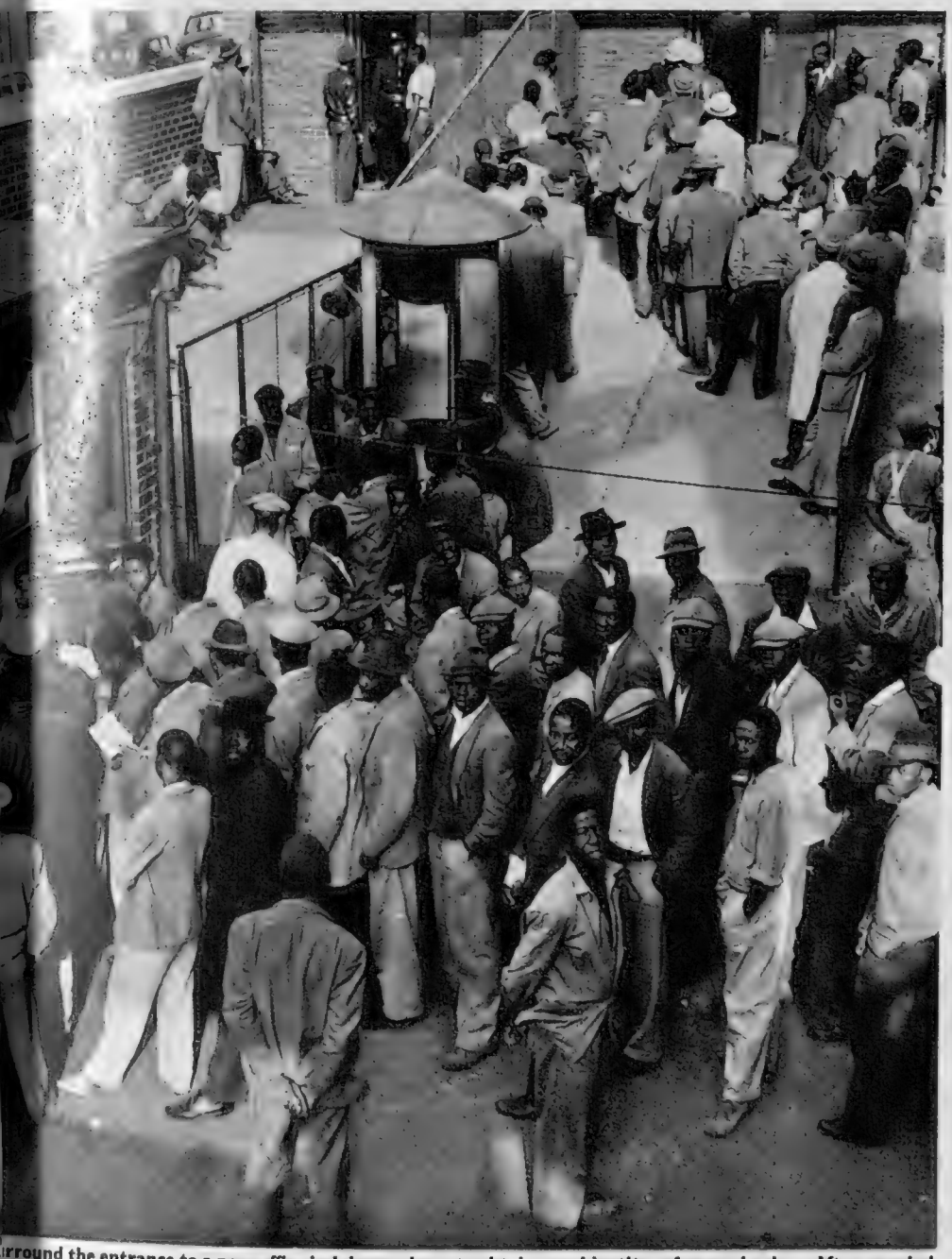
QUEUEING UP FOR NEW PASSES: Af… in which South African police c… disaster, many Africans burnt…



Elizabeth[illegible] wives and relatives of men imprisoned under the State of Emergency measures squat outside the [illegible] they may be allowed to deliver food parcels. It was reported that most of the prisoners were members the Africa[illegible] National Congress and the Pan-African Congress, which went underground when the arrests started.

AT THE MAGISTRATE'S COURT IN JOHANNESBURG: Africans press round the entrance on the appearance of Mr. R. Sobukwe, leader of the Pan-African Congress, on charges of inciting Africans to disobey the pass laws.

IN ORDER TO RETURN TO WORK: At the counter of a pass office in Johannesburg, Africans queue up for new passes. Mr. Erasmus, the South African Minister of Justice, said that employers were guilty of an offence if they employed any Africans who did not possess reference books.



[illegible]rround the entrance to a pass office in Johannesburg to obtain new identity reference books. After a period [illegible]t many arrests, the law impelling all Africans to carry pass books was reinforced. Following the Sharpeville [illegible]ss books. New ones cost £1. The average African wage in the Union of South Africa is £20 per month.

IN THE PASS OFFICE: A crowd of Africans wait for temporary identity and reference books to replace those that they had lost or had burnt. Without the passes it was not possible for them to obtain employment.

The Sphere of Travel

VENETIAN HOTELS AND EXCURSIONS

Methods of Travel to the "Queen of the Adriatic" and Advice on Where to Stay and What to Do

By GORDON COOPER

THERE is no other city like Venice in the world, even though it has its rather absurd imitators elsewhere; and to come to it for the first time is to experience rapture. It possesses an obvious enchantment that appeals to every taste. Timeless, dramatic and romantic, this Queen of the Adriatic raises its spires and gleaming white palaces from a nest of 120 islands interlaced by 150 canals and linked by 400 bridges. I would say that if I were restricted as a traveller to one foreign city, then my choice would be Venice. For apart from its own outstanding appeal, it is a focal point for many wonderful excursions into an incomparable countryside of Italy's history, art, culture and of cities whose names ring down through the centuries . . . Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Trieste, Ravenna, Ferrara, Treviso. Then, to the west and to the north are the Italian Lakes and the incredibly beautiful mountain-land of the Dolomites, with such famous resorts as Cortina d'Ampezzo, Bolzano, Ortisei, Canazei.

The approach to Venice, especially on a first visit, is an important matter. You can reach the city by the standard routes: by air from London to Treviso, thence by motor-coach to the railway station, on the verge of the city; and by express train (Simplon-Orient Express, with through coaches). But I consider the perfect way is to make a train diversion to Chioggia (via Padua and Rovigo), and then to finish the last ten miles by steamer, a loitering trip, with pauses at odd little places on the way. That is the way to enter Venice, for you see it from afar, and gradually more and more is disclosed, until your first near view, sudden and complete, is disclosed as you skirt the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore, and the[n] before you are all the essential ingredients: the Campa[nile] of S. Marco, S. Marco's domes, the Doges' Palace, [the] Custom House, S. Maria della Salute, the blue Merce[r] clock, all the business of the Riva, and—the gondolas.

A QUIET SCENE IN VENICE: In front of a palace on the Grand Canal a speedboat is tied up to one of the posts painted in the owner's livery. To the right, the domes of Santa Maria della Salute, Longhena's famous church at the mouth of the canal.

Once arrived, the question of suitable accommoda[tion] has to be faced, and here, I think, some serious consider[a]tion is needed. There are many hotels in Venice, but [...] many of them seem to cater mainly for tourist group[s] that their standards are hardly satisfactory. The "millio[n]aire" hotels, such as the Gritti Palace and the Ro[yal] Danieli, will appeal to those who seek pure luxury—a[t] cost. But I would prefer to recommend the Luna (fi[rst] category), for its comfort and cuisine are outstandi[ng], and although it does not actually face on to the Gra[nd] Canal or the lagoon, yet it is only a stone's throw aw[ay]. For position, my next choice is the Metropole on [the] Riva degli Schiavoni, the finest position in the city; a[nd] this establishment has the added attraction that it provi[des] only room and breakfast.

For those who must study economy—and Venice [is] surely the most expensive city in Italy—there is the Nic[o] (Calle dei Fabbri, 909), a third-category hotel, but a co[m]fortable, friendly place, with an excellent cuisine; it [is] only a hundred yards from St. Mark's Square, the p[ia]to which one keeps on turning. Warning: avoid the ho[tels] near the railway station, for they are too remote for [the] tourist. But I have another suggestion to offer, especi[ally] for those who wish to stay some time in Venice; it is [to] lodge in a pension or a private home—the local tou[rist] office can help you in this respect. My own choice would [be] in the environment of S. Zaccaria, where it is tranquil, cha[rm]ing, and within easy walking distance of St. Mark's Squ[are].

I have discussed at length this matter of accommoda[tion], for I consider it plays an important part in yo[ur] enjoyment of a holiday in Venice. After you are fi[xed] up, then I suggest your first steps are to St. Mark's Squ[are], surely the loveliest square in all Europe. In this great pia[zza] I take a seat at Florian's, a romantic cafe whose cli[ents] have included Goethe, Byron, Rousseau and Dumas. Sit th[ere] for an hour or two looking on the milling crowds, [the] strollers of every nationality, and consider getting orienta[ted]. A good town map is an essential, and you should get [one] from the local information office, not far from the sq[uare].

Undoubtedly, Venice is best appreciated from a gon[dola] but it is costly to-day, and there is also the irritation [of] noisy motor-craft; yet away from the Grand Canal th[ere] is a quality of true beauty in the narrow side-canals. [As] an alternative, wander around on foot, passing thro[ugh] the labyrinth of little narrow streets and crossing count[less] bridges. You will probably get "lost," but it is great [fun].

For serious sightseeing, some preliminary reading [is] essential, and no book is better than Edward Hut[ton's] *Venice and Venetia* (Hollis and Carter), while there is [also] an excellent Muirhead's *Blue Guide*. I like, too, the sec[tion] on Venetia in the *Wonders of Italy* (Joseph Fattou[ri] of Florence), an illustrated guide which can be obtai[ned] on order, through Barmerlea Book Sales (10, Bayley St[reet], W.C.1); and there is my own small book, *A Fortnight in Venice* (P. Marshall).

Do not, however, let sightseeing overcome you [in] exhaustion, for the main appeal of Venice consists

BY TRAIN FROM LONDON TO MOSCOW: NEWS OF OTHER SERVICES

You will be able to board a train at Liverpool Street for Moscow on and after May 29. A through service is being provided with a first-class sleeping car, leaving the Hook of Holland on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays. The journey takes three days and the return fare, including sleeper, is approximately £70.

It is not often realised that although the International Air Transport Association controls airline fares between countries, they have no say in the prices charged for domestic air fares or fares between places under the same flag. Cabotage fares, as these are called, can be fixed freely and independently by individual airlines. The recent announcement of 30 per cent. cuts in what are known as colonial coach services by air, which come into force on October 1, is the result, however, of an agreement between independent British airlines and the national corporations. Next winter you will be able to fly to Nassau for £162 return, instead of the present tourist fare of £232. The new return fare to Nairobi will be £166 on this third-class air and coach service, and the return fares to Bermuda £153, Hong Kong £311, and Singapore £274.

Last year, motorists in France on certain roads at week-ends in the height of the season had to conform to a speed limit of 90 kilometres per hour. This summer a speed limit of 100 kilometres per hour, or 62 miles per hour, is being enforced at week-ends in all roads in France. This should not worry British motorists who, on the average, are content with 50 to 60 miles per hour.

More car sleepers have been arranged for the Boulogne—Lyons and Paris—Avignon services.

A new and regular air service from this country to Malta and Tunis, operated by Skyways in conjunction with B.E.A., will begin shortly. This service opens up new possibilities for holidays in Tunisia. The tourist 23-day mid-week excursion return fare will be £44 15s. to Tunis. The night tourist twelve-monthly return fare to Malta will be £33 13s. Skyways and B.E.A. tickets will be interchangeable.

From April 28 the latest Viscount 833 aircraft will be used on the Hunting Clan/Gibraltar service. The return fare will be the same, £30 10s.

B.E.A. announce that tourist tickets between London and Paris have had their validity increased from twenty-three days to ninety days.

Pre-packed meals of the airline variety can now be obtained on Swiss trains for consumption in ordinary train compartments. "Quickly" meals must, however, be ordered in advance, but are paid for when supplied by the travelling hostess.

An interesting arrangement for motorists has been offered by the Orient Line. You can drive down to Marseilles or Naples in your own car, cross the Channel either by Silver City Airways from Lydd to Le Touquet or by the Transport Ferry Service by sea from Tilbury to Antwerp, and return by Orient steamer to London with your car on board. The service works in the opposite direction, travelling by steamer to either Naples or Marseilles and returning overland. The rates, inclusive of car freight and passenger charges, vary according to the Channel crossing and the number of adults carried first class, but from Naples, for an example, the charge would be £120 for two adults and a child. This would include one way by Silver City Airways. Marseilles would be cheaper at £104. The only additional charge would be port taxes at £1 2s. per person for Marseilles and £2 15s. per person for Naples.

W. D. C. C.

ON THE GRAND CANAL IN VENICE: A motor-launch passes several gondolas as it moves along the main thoroughfare of the city. To-day there are increasing numbers of motor launches and speed-boats on the canals of Venice and the gondolas are decreasing in numbers and are comparatively expensive to hire although they are still favoured by tourists.

simply being in the city with observant eyes. You will doubtless wish to visit the Basilica of St. Mark with its wonderful mosaics shining through the gloom. Then there is the fascinating, nearby Doges' Palace, the Accademia, one of the great art galleries of Italy, the School of San Rocco, with its superb paintings by Tintoretto, the Frari Church, a Venetian "Westminster Abbey," and the great Dominican Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, near which is the famous Colleoni statue. There are other churches which well repay a visit, but those just named are ones you must not miss. Of the palaces, I recommend Ca d'Oro, Pesaro and Contarini—in that order. For the rest of your time be content to browse and to go on excursions.

Among the nearby excursions, there is the Lido, whose stretch of beach draws visitors from all over the world. As a fashionable resort, it can be expensive, and you must pay quite heavily even to bathe there. Personally, I think its charms are exaggerated, but should you feel like a swim on a hot day in Venice, then I suggest you follow my example and patronise the Communal Beach—the cheapest and with exactly the same sands and sea as the more fashionable stretches adjoining. Avoid, however, the week-end, for then there are dense crowds of Venetians.

Another worthwhile excursion is to Torcello, where there are some lovely relics and a pleasant atmosphere of solitude. It was here a thousand years ago that Venice was born, and the seventh-century Duomo, decorated with priceless Byzantine mosaics, makes an afternoon there a delight. Usually this goal is combined in a round tour with visits to Murano and Burano, neither of which I find of special appeal. Better to give yourself more time in Torcello.

Among more distant excursions from Venice, you have the choice of going to Chioggia, a smelly fishing port, once favoured by artists but not of much consequence to-day, for the once picturesque fishing boats are now power-driven and equipped with wireless sets—full blast. Not far from this town, with its horde of child beggars, however, is Padua. Here there is the famous Cathedral, but artistically, the most important place to see is the Scrovegni Chapel, deservedly famous for Giotto's frescoes which adorn it. I suggest, too, that you might wish to take some light refreshment at the historic Caffe Pedrocchio.

An advertised excursion from Venice is to the Venetian Villas. This is rather a misnomer, for in actual fact these handsome patrician homes, situated on the Brenta Riviera and dating from the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries, are not normally open to visitors, with the exception of the immense Villa Pisani, which is really a palace and noted for its rich interior decorations. Still, you should try and arrange a private visit to either the Villa Foscari, the Villa Mocenigo, or the Villa Widmann.

East from Venice, along the coast, are the two popular seaside resorts of Jesolo and Caorle, both with first-class beaches. I prefer the former for a holiday. Inland are some delectable art cities, such as Treviso, Verona and Vicenza. While Treviso has some historic buildings, you will be more delighted with Vicenza, which is practically unknown to modern travellers. Yet it is one of the most delightful and interesting cities in Italy. Called the "City of Palladio" it abounds in the most graceful buildings, outstanding among them being the Basilica, a masterpiece by Palladio, and the Teatro Olimpico, the first covered theatre in Europe and which has a remarkable interior. The environs of Vicenza are also attractive and I recommend particularly visits to the beautiful Sanctuary of Monte Berico and to the Villa Rotonda, a magnificent creation of Palladio.

Verona is another fine and original city, and it merits a whole day's stay. Its picturesque Piazza delle Erbe, the harmonious Piazza dei Signori, the Tombs of the Scaligers, the Cathedral and San Zeno (twelfth-century Romanesque, one of the finest in Northern Italy), and its glorious Roman Arena indicate the artistic importance of this town, the alleged home of Romeo and Juliet, but take with a grain of salt the relics shown as belonging to that tragic lady. If opportunity offers, do not miss attending an open-air performance of grand opera in the Arena, for it is one of the best after-dark spectacles in Europe.

I hope I have indicated that Venice and its surroundings offers scope for a whole holiday stay, and that it is a mistake to think of the "Queen of the Adriatic" in terms of a short stop-over stay. Actually, you can spend weeks, months there, and never be bored.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Italian State Tourist Department,
210, *Regent Street, London, W.1.*

RIDING HOLIDAYS IN SPAIN, DENMARK AND NORWAY

For those seeking a holiday that is different, the riding parties arranged by Erna Low Travel Service Ltd. (47, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7) might appeal. The Spanish holiday takes place in Andalusia, and your ride will take you through some of the loveliest mountains in Europe, through cork forests and orange groves, through peach orchards and over rolling downland. The starting-points are Gibraltar, Malaga and Torremolinos. In Denmark, this holiday is spent in a Danish farmhouse in North Zealand, not far from the sea, in lovely riding country. An opportunity also is given for visiting Copenhagen. For Norway, there are three tours available: starting from Hardanger, five days are spent pony-trekking across the great Hardanger plateau, staying in comfortable huts en route. Time is available for sightseeing in Bergen. Another two holidays are offered near Lillehammer, a highly scenic part of Norway; in this instance access is by a Fred Olsen steamer to Oslo, and having recently travelled on one of these ships I consider the sea voyage not least of the pleasures in a holiday to Norway.

MONCKTON COMMISSION AT MLANJE

A Visit to a Tea Plantation in Nyasaland

As the Monckton Commission continued its work of gathering evidence there were several developments which impinged on their task. One of these was the release of Dr. Hastings Banda and his subsequent appearance in London. He said that a constitutional conference on Nyasaland would be held in London in June and made it clear that what he and other Africans in the Northern Territories feared was to come under the domination of Rhodesia. Dr. Banda said that he had been asked on a number of occasions to give evidence to the Monckton Commission, but that he would not do so until political detainees in Nyasaland were released.

The other development was the visit by Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, to the Federation. At a Press conference in Salisbury, he said that he had been solely concerned with the situation in Nyasaland, keeping in mind the presence of the Commission and that the Federal Review was still in front of them. Many observers in the Federation felt that his visit had relieved tension in the Northern Territories and that his visit and the release of Dr. Banda increased the possibility that the Federation might be dismantled.

TEA PLANTATION: Against a background of rugged mountains, Africans move through the tea bushes picking the leaves on a tea plantation at Mlanje, in the extreme southern tip of Nyasaland. Members of the Monckton Advisory Commission on Central Africa visited the plantation during their prolonged investigation in the Federation of Nyasaland and Rhodesia. The tea plantation is one of the most modern in the protectorate.

On left—

PICKING THE TEA: Miss Betty Whelan, of London, a member of the staff attached to the Monckton Commission, with a picker's basket slung on her back, learns how to pick the leaves from one of the Africans.

ON THE MLANJE PLANTATION: Lord Monckton, Chairman of the Commission, talks in bright sunlight with Chief N'Gomba, who is 90 years old and called to pay his respects to the members.

A MODERN ESTATE: *Left*—Two members of the Commission, Mr. R. M. Taylor (left), Secretary for Finance, Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and Sir Donald MacGillivray, Chairman of the Kenya Council of State and former High Commissioner for Malaya, watch one of the processes on the Mlanje tea plantation being carried out with modern equipment. *Right*—Members of the Commission test some of the leaf grown on the estate. During the disturbances in Nyasaland there were incidents at Mlanje.

A Bleak Future for the Coal Board?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN did private coalmining come to an end in Britain? And which political party nationalised British coal? An argument inside the coal industry which found its way to the floor of the House of Commons recently might easily have offered two incidental questions for any topical television parlour game. They would have been trick questions. For the answer to the first is that private coalmining in Britain has never come to an end. And the answer to the second is the Conservatives. For it was the National Government, in 1939, that nationalised the actual coal in the ground in Britain, by buying ownership of the mining royalties; leaving the Socialists, in 1946, to buy the operating assets of the colliery companies and vest sole ownership of these in the National Coal Board.

For the parties to the recent argument, the issue was not a light-hearted matter of paradox; for one side at least, it was the future of their living. These were the 500-600 individuals and small concerns that still operate small mines privately in Britain, under licence from the Coal Board, which in its nationalisation Act of 1946 was empowered to license out operation of mines where the numbers employed did not greatly exceed thirty people, and in fact left about 450 in the hands of the people who were running them already.

Over the years some of these small mines have become exhausted and closed down; with the great pressure of demand for coal in this country up to 1956, new ones were opened, and the numbers operating actually grew. But to-day these private enterprise mines face the likelihood of a sharp, forced contraction in their business, as the Coal Board itself has had to in the last few years; and they feel that the Board, as their landlord, is pushing an unfair proportion of coal's national problem on to them.

For most of the ten-year licences under which these small mines are operated came to an end on April 1 this year; and the new licences, which the Coal Board was prepared to grant the operators, laid down new terms that they felt were onerous. The royalties on each ton that these mines have to pay to the Board, as their landlord, were raised. More important, issue of the licences was made conditional on restriction on the sale of coal from these mines—involving bigger proportionate cuts, they argue, than the Board itself has imposed on its own. The actual amounts are set down in each individual contract, ranging from as little as 20 tons a week; but broadly they would bring total output from these small mines, which was about 2,500,000 tons in 1958, down towards 1,500,000 tons—and might mean, eventually, sacking 2,500 of the 8,000 miners they employ. In the original proposals from the Coal Board this tonnage was to have been reached by 1962. Amended proposals, to which the representatives of the small mines finally agreed in order to get their licences, mean they will not have to cut to that level quite as soon as that. But the Board's long-term plans still show output from the small mines in 1965 as no more than 1,500,000-2,250,000 tons.

It is none too easy to judge what would be really fair in this matter; the operators of small mines have no illusions that they can remain wholly insulated from the vast commercial difficulties affecting the whole of Britain's coal industry, though they argue very reasonably that so long as they can mine coal at a profit (which in many of its mines the Coal Board cannot) they ought to be allowed to. The small but rather poignant issue is a reminder in spring 1960, with the rest of the British economy in so ebullient a boom that the main question of the last Budget was just how much it needed to be restrained, that the country's coal industry is still at the bottom of its recession, with no very clear signs of any recovery at all.

For the Coal Board itself, the production figures are stark. From 210,000,000 tons of coal in 1957, its deep-mined output was cut to 195,000,000 tons last year and will be down to 188,000,000 tons this year. That is a cut of 22,000,000 tons in output from the mines; with an additional cut of 7,000,000 tons in opencast coal production, the total output will have been reduced 13 per cent. in three years.

Unfortunately, it is by no means sure that even this reduction will be enough; so far as the timing of cuts in 1958 and 1959 was concerned, it was certainly not fast enough. For the cuts were made in response to a collapse in consumption of coal; and this old-established extractive industry is not one in which one can jerk production up and down quickly with push-button convenience. Vast sums of money have been invested in many of the country's mines; huge efforts have been made to recruit labour to offset the steady "wastage" of miners leaving this industry, which is more dependent upon labour effort for production than almost any other. Neither mines nor miners are assets that in times of slack demand any modern coal-owner can afford to close down or dismiss lightly.

The drop in coal consumption inside Britain between 1956 and 1959 was from 218,000,000 tons to just over 190,000,000 tons; with the same glut of coal developing throughout the world, British exports and supplies for ship bunkering fell away, too, from 10,000,000 tons down to 4,000,000 tons. Production could not be reduced fast enough or far enough to match that 32,000,000-tons-a-year fall in the market. Effectively, about half of the cumulative drop in consumption over the three-year period was met by cumulative reductions in output; the other half by an accumulation of some 33,000,000 tons in unsold stocks of coal—from 3,000,000 tons at the beginning of 1957 to 36,000,000 tons at the beginning of 1960.

This crumpling of the coal market has been the subject of much anxious analysis inside the industry. For a time, a substantial proportion of it could be put down to industrial recession. Some was certainly due to a succession of relatively warmish winters. A good deal, though nobody knows how much, must have been due to increases in the efficiency with which consumers burn coal to get their heat out of it; millions of more efficient fireplaces and millions of pounds' worth of more efficient furnaces had been installed in Britain over the past five years or so. Undoubtedly a large slice of what coal lost was oil's gain; many industrial and commercial customers were switching over to oil-firing, and so were far more domestic consumers than anyone could have guessed, not only with central heating systems but by the purchase of about 12,000,000 paraffin heaters.

This year's production planning in the Coal Board was based upon the hope that coal demand had nearly reached bottom. Over this year, with the economy as a whole continuing to advance, they hoped for total consumption at home and through exports of say 196,000,000 tons, slightly more than last year's. Even so, they planned to cut production by 11-12,000,000 tons, to about 195,000,000 tons—which would enable them at least not to add any more to their huge stocks, and conceivably to begin reducing them by a million tons or so.

The end of this month ends the "coal winter"; that is the period, in normal times, when stocks in consumers' yards and coal-cellars should run down to their minimum for the year and should later begin, slowly, to be built up against the winter during which the country consumes more coal than it produces. Over the last few years, consumers have been able to leave the ups and down of stocking mainly to the Board; with coal readily available on demand, they have logically enough held less in stock themselves, thus aggravating the Coal Board's embarrassments over its own. Up to the beginning of April the Board itself had managed to cut production according to plan, by about 3,000,000 tons over the three months. Moreover, it had reduced its own stocks by about 3,000,000 tons; but some of this reduction, at any rate, would have been merely a seasonal fluctuation. Total consumption of coal was fractionally higher—54,918,000 tons over the first twelve weeks of the year, against 54,105,000 tons in the same period of 1959.

But this turn in demand is so far a feeble and uncertain one—in an economy where industrial production as a whole is 10-11 per cent. up on the year before. Those vast stocks of coal weigh on the Board's books at a value of some £130,000,000—and though experts aver that coal hardly deteriorates at all chemically in storage, nobody quite knows what losses there may be, due to physical breaking down, between the amount one puts down and the amount one manages to pick up and sell, largely because the Board so far has not been able completely to clear any one of its big emergency stocking grounds.

On the selling side, the Board is sending round a force of technical representatives to back up the coal merchants in trying to persuade industrial customers that they can obtain their heat quite as efficiently and more cheaply from modern equipment burning coal than by burning oil. It has more than matched the oil companies' offers of credit in arranging long-term loan schemes for householders putting in central heating. But coal's road back—from the big mines as well as the small—is certain to be a long and hard one.

MINING IN WALES: *Left*—The drift at the Pentreclwydau Colliery cuts into the wooded hillside of the Neath Valley. Work started on the £1,000,000 project to increase production of anthracite in 1954, and now about 2,000 tons are mined a day. Some 1,500 men are employed. *Right*—At Hafodyrynys Colliery, in Monmouthshire, coal is piled into railway trucks. A scheme for reorganising three collieries, so that their total output of about 800,000 tons can be handled at one point, has been developed at Hafodyrynys.

Below—

OVER THE LUNE

The new bridge over the River Lune, in Lancashire, is part of the recently-opened Lancaster by-pass. Its graceful reinforced concrete arch crosses the river in a single curving sweep. The largest bridge on the 11·6 miles of the by-pass, it has a clear span of 230 ft. It was designed by Mr. James Drake, the Lancashire County Surveyor and Bridgemaster. The cost of the new road, which is borne by the Ministry of Transport, is about £4,000,000; almost £1,000,000 more than the original tender by the contractors, Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Company, in 1957. Part of the additional cost has resulted from improvements made to the original design.

A CAUSEWAY ACROSS THE GREAT SALT LAKE, IN UTAH: At stockpiles, Allis-Chalmers HD.21G tractor-shovels are used to keep dump-trucks filled with quarry rock, which they carry to barges. These transport the filling materials to the causeway. The main contractor, Morrison-Knudsen Co. Inc., is nearing the end of the task of building a 12½-mile-long, solid-fill, causeway for Southern Pacific cross-country trains.

STATION FOR CARS

Chiltern Green Station, in B fordshire, has been rented f British Railways, Midland Regio Anglo-Scottish Car Deliveries L to speed the delivery of Vauxhall from the Luton works to Scotl Special trains run three time week, carrying sixty vehicles e Chiltern Green Station had closed for some considerable

ACROSS UTAH'S INLAND SEA: the Great Salt Lake, a loaded route. *Below*—A truck move

NEW WAY OF LAYING CONCRETE PIPES: At Phoenix, Arizona, concrete is poured from concrete-mixers into the construction machinery which can build "instant concrete pipe."

LAYING CONCRETE PIPE "IN SITU"

Construction machinery that makes "instant concrete pipe" at a rate of 8 to 12 ft. a minute in a prepared ditch has been developed by Fullerform Continuous Pipe Corporation, of Arizona, U.S.A. The equipment is being used to build irrigation conduits on farms round Phoenix, in the same State. The new process is also being adapted to build storm sewers and other types of concrete pipe. Essential parts of the machinery are inflatable rubber and fabric forms, designed by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. These are 300-ft.-long inflated sausage-shaped forms, with only 3 lb. per sq. inch of air pressure. Using two at a time, 600 ft. of concrete pipe can be laid at a time without interruption. Readymix concrete trucks are driven along the side of the ditch pouring in the concrete. Developed over the last nine years, the construction process consists essentially of a double-hoppered forming machine. This is pulled along the rounded bottom of the ditch, enclosing the inflated inner form. Tamping devices push concrete underneath this inflated section, as half of the double hopper forms the bottom section and the other half the top section. The new system of pipe construction comes well within standards, which were laid down by the local American authority.

building of the Southern Pacific's 12½-mile causeway across ushed by a diesel-powered tugboat towards the site of the new artially-completed section of the gravel and rock causeway.

BUILDING CONDUITS FOR IRRIGATION WATER: *Left*—On a farm at Phoenix, the ready-mixed concrete pours down the chute into the pipe-laying equipment, developed by the Fullerform Continuous Pipe Corporation. *Right*—A 300-ft.-long inflatable rubber and fabric form is laid in the ditch, to form the hollow section of the pipe.

A NEW CAUSEWAY ACROSS THE GREAT SALT LAKE

For nearly fifty years a 13-mile trestle bridge has spanned the Great Salt Lake in Utah, but its age and the growing maintenance costs have led to its replacement by a solid causeway across the Lake. This undertaking, which started four years ago, involves 36,000,000 cubic yards of fill materials, and the fill stage is due to be completed this year. By early next year it is hoped that Southern Pacific's cross-country trains will travel over the new causeway. The cost is about £17,000,000, and the contractor, Morrison-Knudsen Co. Inc., is employing £5,000,000 worth of land and marine equipment, and 680 men. The new causeway runs parallel to the trestle bridge, a few hundred feet away. Its width at the base varies from 175 to 480 ft., and the depth of the fill varies from 85 to 102 ft. The crest is 17 ft. above water-level and is wide enough to accommodate a double set of tracks.

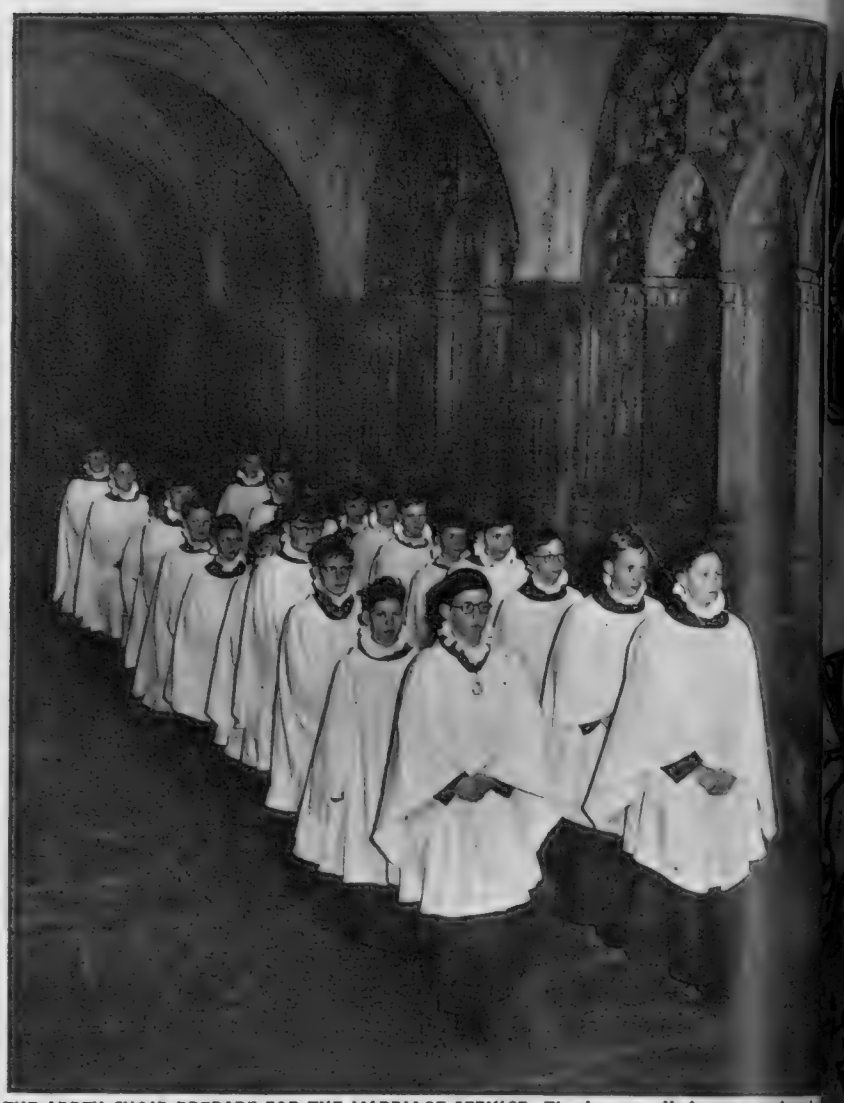
In order to carry out the construction, vast rock-blasting was necessary. One detonation, powered by more than 2,000,000 lb. of explosives, yielded 3,700,000 cubic yards of broken rock. Eleven barges, fabricated at the site, were used to handle the dumping of the fill, as well as a fleet of Allis-Chalmers tractor-shovels and dumping trucks. Keeping the barges full also involved the use of a conveyor system stretching for two miles from a sand-and-gravel quarry to the lakeside. This moved about 4,000 tons per hour. The composition of the causeway is mainly gravel and sand with rock facings on the underwater slopes and Derrick stone to protect the embankment faces exposed to the waves.

LONDON PREPARES FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING

In and Around the Abbey and Along the Route of the Procession on M

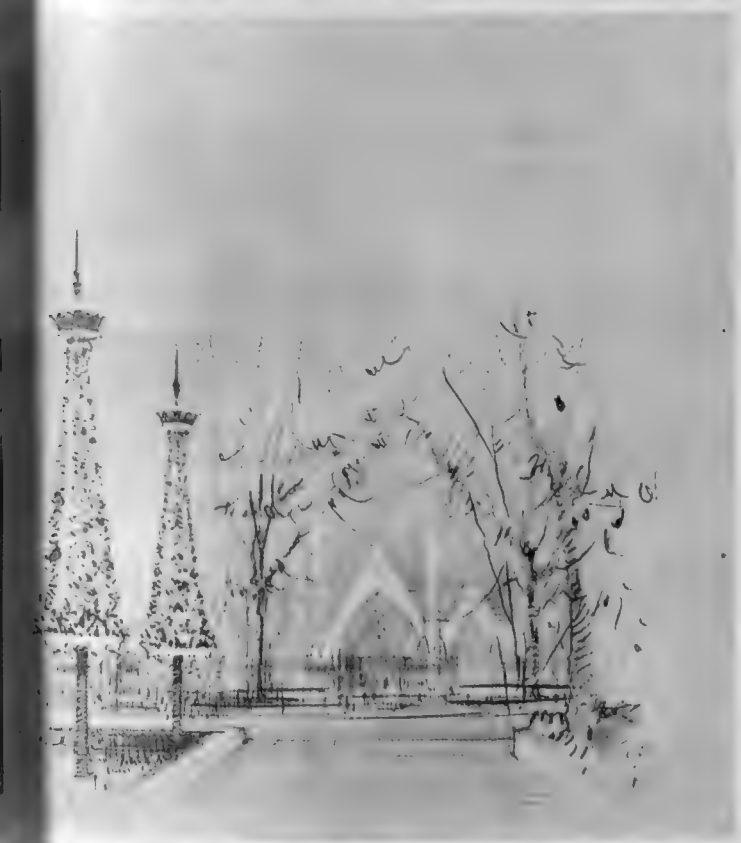
OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Stands are being erected for some of the thousands of people who are expected to watch the carriage procession on May 6. Arrangements have also been made for spectators to use the stands on Horse Guards Parade.

Preparations for the marriage of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones on Friday, May 6, are now well under way. Stands along the route of the procession are being prepared for the spectators, and the Ministry of Works are going ahead with the decorations. Spring flowers and roses (both real and artificial) will be the theme of the display along the processional route, the most striking feature of which will be the decorative arch spanning the Mall between the Palace and the road leading to Clarence House. In addition, flags will fly from public buildings. On the evenings of May 6 and 7 floodlights will be switched on to add their brilliance to the gay scene. On her wedding day, Princess Margaret will drive to the Abbey with the Duke of Edinburgh, who will give her away. She will be attended by eight bridesmaids, and the best man to Mr. Armstrong-Jones will be Dr. Roger Gilliatt. As the bride enters the Abbey for the service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the choir will sing the hymn "Christ is Made the Sure Foundation." Television will be used inside the Abbey so that as many guests as possible will be able to follow the service.



THE ABBEY CHOIR PREPARE FOR THE MARRIAGE SERVICE: The boys walk in procession th the cloisters on their way to practice under Sir William McKie, Master of the Choi and director of the music for the Royal marriage service. Other choirs will also

PREPARING THE COACHES FOR THE CARRIAGE PROCESSION: At the Royal Mews, at Buckingham Palace, two of the coaches are made ready for members of the Royal Family. Th Coach on the right will be used by Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh for the drive from Clarence House to Westminster Abbey. It will be used again by the Pr and Mr. Armstrong-Jones after the service. On left is the Alexandra Coach, in which the Queen will drive to and from the Abbey. The Irish State Coach will not be



PARLIAMENT SQUARE: The artist's impression shows two of the twelve masts from which will hang garlands terminating in open baskets of pink and yellow flowers. Foliage will entwine the lower parts of the masts.

THE PLAN FOR THE DECORATIONS IN THE MALL: The dominating feature will be the Rose Arch which will span the thoroughfare between the Palace and the road leading to Clarence House. It will rise from a square formed by four light steel posts, to twin arches intersecting 60 ft. above the roadway, its structure decorated with red and pink roses. On each side of the Mall, Horse Guards Parade and the Approach Road, there will be tall masts to carry large white banners bearing the monogram "M-A," on a red rose. Each will be surmounted by a Princess's coronet.

On left—

OPPOSITE THE PALACE: The masts, with red and pink roses, will form part of a cluster in the Queen Victoria Memorial Gardens.

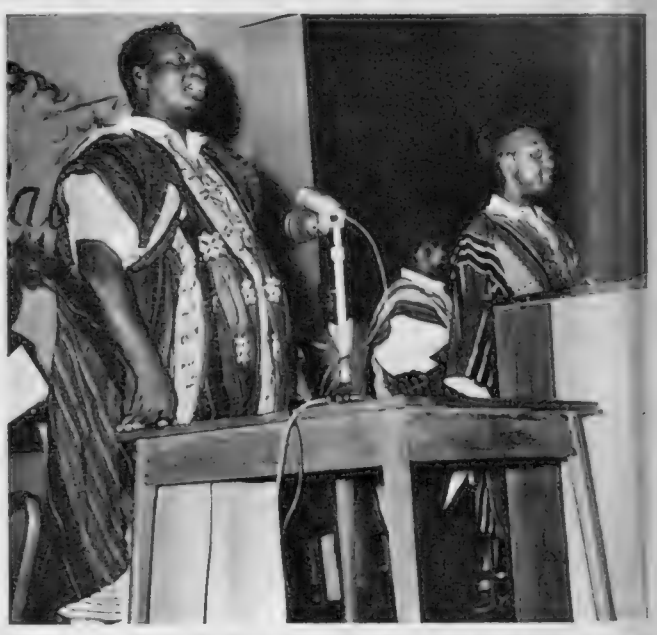
DEBATE IN ACCRA

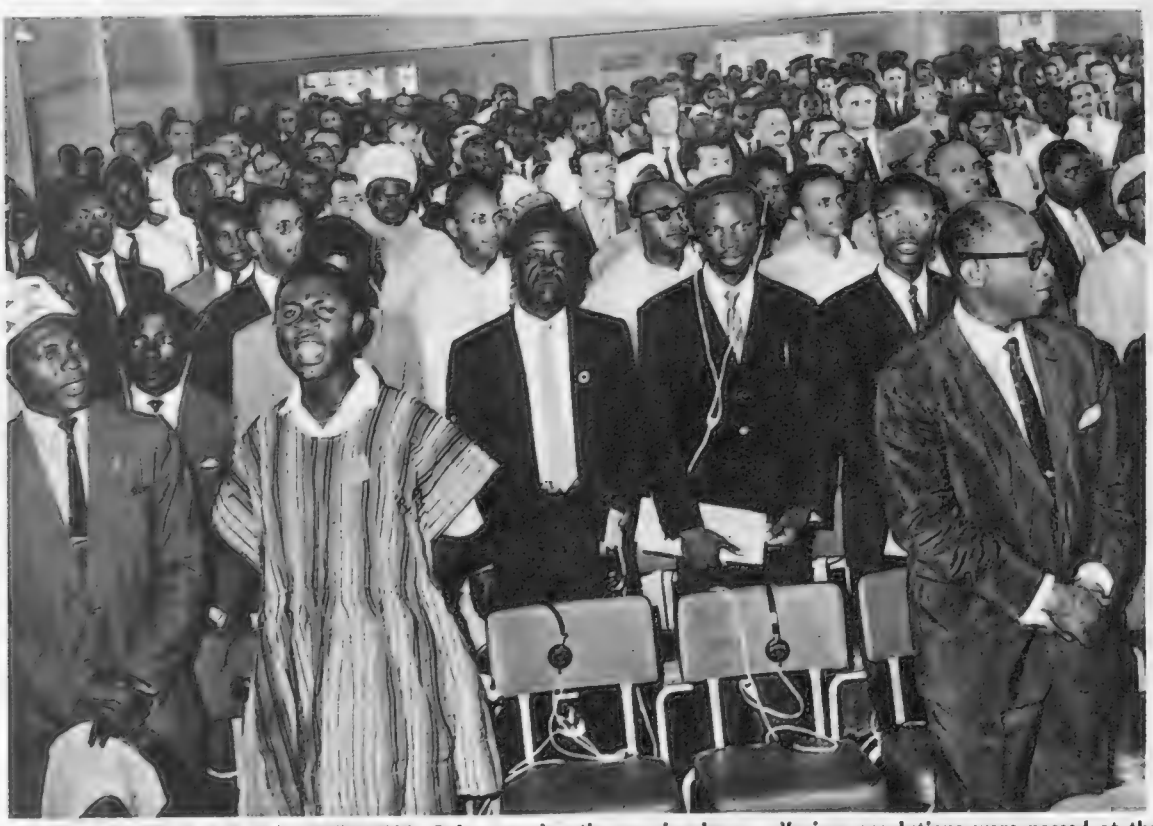
At an Emergency Three-day Conference for Peace and Security in Africa

Dr. Nkrumah, the Ghanaian Prime Minister, opened the emergency conference in Accra with a strongly worded attack on South Africa and France. He condemned both the chain of events in South Africa and the French nuclear tests in the Sahara. Addressing over 300 delegates and observers from all parts of Africa, he said that the only salvation for Africans lay in political union. In order to implement pan-Africanism, he suggested a common market and improved communications. Resolutions were passed during the three-day " positive action " conference which called for the severance of diplomatic relations with South Africa and the institution of economic boycotts, and for similar action to be taken against the French Government. A few days later the second Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Conference began in Conakry, in Guinea. Delegates from forty countries, including the Soviet Union and China, took part, and similar resolutions to those at Accra were debated.

CONFERENCE IN GHANA: Dr. Nkrumah addresses the delegates to an emergency three-day " positive action " conference on the peace and security of Africa, held in Accra. Over 300 delegates and observers came from all over the continent.

On left—
THE GHANAIAN DELEGATES: Arriving for the conference in Accra are, from left, Mr. T. Adamafio, General Secretary of the Convention People's Party; Mr. N. A. Welbeck, Minister of State; and Mr. J. K. Tetegah, General Secretary of the Ghana Trades Union Council. *Right*—Mr. Adamafio and Mr. Welbeck join in the singing of the opening hymn.





AT THE " POSITIVE ACTION " CONFERENCE: Delegates sing the opening hymn. Various resolutions were passed at the conference, including the call to sever diplomatic relations with South Africa and for economic sanctions and boycotts to be instituted against the Union, and for similar actions to be taken against the French Government.

DR. NKRUMAH: The Ghanaian Prime Minister is with Mr. Kojo Botsio, Minister for Economic Affairs (right), at the opening of his Party's new headquarters in Accra.

AT THE OLD VIC THEATRE: In a scene in *What Every Woman Knows*, John Shand (Donald Houston) stands on a chair in his Committee Rooms to thank his supporters after his election victory. The play by Sir James Barrie came into the current programme at the Old Vic Theatre last week to mark the 100th anniversary of his birth.

On right—

THE SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN: John Shand is with the Comtesse de la Briére (Fay Compton) and Maggie Wylie (Maggie Smith, sitting). It is Maggie who has launched the Scottish railway porter, Shand, on the career which led him to Parliament. *What Every Woman Knows* was produced by Peter Potter and he has given the play the full flavour of the period in which it was written just over fifty years ago.

THE BARRIE CENTENARY

A Revival in London of "What Every Woman Knows"

James Barrie was born on May 9, 1860. To mark this centenary the Old Vic has revived *What Every Woman Knows*. It had its first night last week and is alternating in the theatre's current programme with *Richard II* and *St. Joan* until the end of May. Barrie's play was first seen in London in 1909. The plot is concerned with a Scottish railway porter, John Shand, who has political ambitions. In order to improve his education he breaks into the house of the wealthy Wylie family by night and studies the books in their library. The volumes, incidentally, have been placed on the shelves by the Wylies more for display than for reading. Inevitably, Shand is discovered and the Wylies are impressed by his capabilities. The menfolk of the household come round to the view that Shand might make a suitable husband for Maggie Wylie. So the plot unfolds, with Maggie pushing Shand on to a successful political career. Needless to say, there are setbacks on the romantic side, the marriage at first being opposed by wealthy friends such as Lady Sybil Lazenby. In the end, it becomes obvious even to the humourless Shand that it is really Maggie who has been the driving force in the realisation of his Parliamentary ambitions. The cast at the Old Vic and the production by Peter Potter have received high praise from the critics.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY AT MIDNIGHT: From left are James Wylie (Joss Ackland); David Wylie (George Baker, standing); Alick Wylie (Gerald James); John Shand, and Maggie Wylie. Shand has broken into the Wylies' library to study the books and has been found by the family.

EDWARDIAN INTERIOR: In the cottage of the Comtesse de la Briére (standing, left), Lady Sybil Lazenby (Wendy Williams) addresses John Shand and Maggie Wylie. Having opposed their marriage, Lady Sybil eventually approves of it.

The World of Books

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES AND BIOGRAPHIES

Memoirs from Sir Stanley Unwin; A Lancashire Childhood Eighty Years Ago; Writers in New York; New Views on Mrs. Fitzherbert and on Charles II

IN those perennial debates as to which human attribute is the most desirable, charm usually wins easily, but certain sages are apt to pick vitality. Sir Stanley Unwin's THE TRUTH ABOUT A PUBLISHER (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) seems to demonstrate the truth about sages, for nobody can read this book without being impressed by the buoyant vitality of its author: his charm may have escaped many who are not engaged in the profession in which he is a self-proclaimed doyen. He doesn't like authors much and calls them a shifty and dishonest lot; literary agents tend to have no standards of business morality; booksellers, with a few notable exceptions, tend to be stiff-necked ostriches, while the bouquets handed to fellow members of his own profession are exiguous.

"Making money," writes Sir Stanley, "has never presented any difficulty to me." He thinks that in almost any other trade he would have made a packet. As it is, he is a very rich man, and he can therefore say with all that truth inherent in his title that "publishing is my child, and no trials and tribulations will make me cease to love it." Similarly with the British Council, which started with a budget of £5,000 which is now £5,000,000, and owes so much to Sir Stanley. "I should not have devoted a third of most normal people's working hours for nearly a quarter of a century to honorary work for the British Council had I not regarded it a task of paramount importance in the world as it is to-day." He has been rewarded with a well-deserved knighthood. Many years ago he wrote *The Truth About Publishing* with a fine disregard for Pilate's famous quip. His triumph is that it became, and still is regarded in some quarters, the Bible of the book trade.

Mr. Joseph Stamper was a child in the '80's and '90's, and it is about this period and about his Lancashire childhood, spent in a poor street with his family that was dogged by poverty but, nevertheless, an affectionate little community, that he writes in a volume of autobiography, SO LONG AGO (Hutchinson. 21s.). Mr. Stamper, luckily for us, has not only a retentive memory but the kind which has always acted rather like a camera, so that the pictures he gives of places and people, even down to details of their dress, are wonderfully clear and evocative. He writes about the close little circle of his home, about the rituals such as the yearly whitewashing of the backyard walls, or the payment of the pawnbroker's interest. He recalls young dreams: "I always wanted a whistle on a lanyard, but never achieved my ambition. Dolly [his sister] had an ambition also. Hers was to go for a long ride in a cab with her eyes shut—Heaven knows why—but she never realised her ambition, either." Not many dreams came true in that Lancashire life, but perhaps the most appealing thing about Mr. Stamper's book is his total lack of bitterness, even when he is writing about injustice, cruelty or bitter squalor. He must be a man of exceptional character; he is certainly a born writer.

The next three autobiographies come from the United States and each of them has something of the crackling electricity that one associates with such cities as New York. Mr. Moss Hart, one of America's most distinguished playwrights and wits, has called his volume ACT ONE (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), and ended it with the word "Intermission," which, one may hope, presages at least one sequel. The present book begins with Mr. Hart's childhood in a Bronx slum. His father was a cigar-maker, gradually being forced out of work by the use of machines in the business. Their poverty was extreme, but, again, this was a family with unity. Moss Hart wangled himself a job as office boy when he was fifteen and, typically, chose the office of a theatrical agent. It could truthfully be said that, from that moment, the stage was his life. He wrote his first play and even got it performed, with disastrous results; he worked as social director at the kind of summer camps which were precursors of Mr. Butlin's. He wrote play after play after play and, finally, with George Kaufman, whom for a very long time he continued to call "Mr. Kaufman," he wrote *Once in a Lifetime* and success was his. This book gives a sharp and scintillating view of New York and its theatrical world as a keen, almost bedazzled young writer might see it.

Ruth Draper was the first of her kind, the greatest of that kind in the annals of the stage. She had none of the actresses' attribute of great beauty, though she was handsome and slender, and she conquered the English-speaking world quite alone. Alone in the most exact meaning of the word since, however much her monologues could people a stage or suggest the presence of at least three other characters, Ruth Draper was, in pure fact, alone on that stage with her genius. THE ART OF RUTH DRAPER (Oxford University Press. 35s.) contains thirty-five of the little dramas which she performed on her own, and which she only set down in typescript in the last two years of her distinguished life. Mr. Morton Dauwen Zabel has written the memoir which introduces this nostalgic, richly documented book, and in it he has given an impression of the life, solidly based, protected and social, which Ruth Draper knew until, after her debut in 1903, she began to give private recitals at the homes of friends and began the snowball impetus of success which was to be the climate of her life until she died in 1956.

WHO, ME ? (Hammond. 16s.) is a synthesis of the autobiographical books by that matchless, irrepressible character, Mrs. Betty Macdonald. This was the author of that hilarious book, *The Egg and I*, the woman who endured and surmounted treatment for tuberculosis in a sanatorium and wrote a book about her money-earning endeavours, which she called *Anybody Can Do Anything*. The present compendium has been made up from consecutive pieces of these gay and heartening books, and it makes one regret again the death of such a vital person.

To the far past with Miss Anita Leslie's study of MRS. FITZHERBERT (Hutchinson. 25s.), quite the best biography of this staunch and blameless lady I have ever read. There can now be no doubt that she was the legal wife, although secretly married, of George IV, or that such luminaries as Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, were privy to the whole, true story. Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Catholic and, in her own right, a woman of great integrity. She married the Prince of Wales only after a year of his feverish pleas, his threat of suicide, repeated, and his notion of abdication. In spite of the calumny which she was later to endure, Mrs. Fitzherbert never revealed any of the secrets which she considered might have distressed or embarrassed the man whom she considered as her husband.

A SOLO PERFORMANCE BY SIR JOHN GIELGUD: He is seen giving a recitation during *The Ages of Man*. This is a one-man show by Sir John in which he speaks extracts from Shakespeare. His programme, which consists of three parts, is based upon George Ryland's anthology. It opened last week at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in London, for a three-and-a-half-week season.

The *brio*, familiar and welcome to readers of Hesketh Pearson's biographies, has never been employed to better effect than in his book, CHARLES II: LIFE AND LIKENESS (Heinemann. 21s.). This monarch with long-nosed, full-lipped Stuart face, his height and *flair* for a quickly turned sentence, has remained a synonym for independence, for gaiety and for the establishment of a law of his own even in a century where individualism often seems to be a dead loss. Perhaps because of this uniformity Charles II is remembered with such affection. There are also those who, like the author, think of him with admiration as a king whose impartial and healthy cynicism kept our country as secure as it has been for many hundred years. Whatever one's enthusiasms and prejudices about this king, Mr. Pearson's biography matches its subject in zest and good sense.

I suppose that three books about the expeditions of women into eastern lands in the present day could scarcely form a greater contrast with the last book, but, then, variety is the delight of panoramic reading. DAUGHTERS OF ALLAH (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is by a Danish ethnologist, Mrs. Henny Harald Hansen, who travelled with an expedition of her compatriots a couple of years ago to examine a site in Kurdistan, Northern Iraq, where a dam project was in hand. Mrs. Hansen lived with the family of a local sheikh there during four months and this book relates her findings, non-scientific but tremendously interesting to the lay reader, during that period. NO PURDAH IN PADAM (Harrap. 16s.) is an account of the Women's Overland Himalayan Expedition, which, at roughly the same time, by three young women [illegible]. I have no hesitation in calling pretty, intrepid and extremely feminine. I particularly like the photograph of one member of the group setting her hair under the approving glance of a porter. Nevertheless, this expedition was successful, far-reaching and accomplished in perfect amity, under the English blessing of Dame [illegible] Cripps and Lady (John) Hunt, with Madame Pandit as purveyor of most practical blessings. BEHIND HAREM WALLS (Redman. 18s.) is something else again; a rather courageous and wholly amusing venture by Mrs. Jane Dolinger, pretty and obviously spirited, who spent some months in a Moroccan harem and writes about it chattily in these pages.

Back to the United States for three big, lusty, fairly satisfying novels, by far the best of which is Mrs. Elizabeth Janeway's THE THIRD CHIME (Michael Joseph. 21s.). The setting here alternates between contemporary Long Island, and London and Paris during the First World War, just as the story of the once beautiful, adventurous aunt and the beautiful diffident niece alternate in the telling. This novel is [illegible] with all the immediacy and tension of a thriller.

"The American economic and social revolution is the only revolution in modern times to have achieved its aim." With that downright assertion, R. L. Bruckberger concludes his astonishing survey of the contemporary American scene, which he addresses in particular to those who have "begun to despair of the West." IMAGE OF AMERICA (Longmans. 25s.) will arouse its fair share of controversy, posing, as it does, the view that between Marxist socialism and bourgeois capitalism there is a middle course that exists and flourishes, owing nothing either to socialism or capitalism. This middle course, says Mr. Bruckberger, is the American Society. Its heroes are Samuel Gompers, the American trade unionist who persistently opposed socialistic movements among the Unions, and Henry Ford. Together, the author asserts, they freed the worker from proletarian servitude and lifted him above the minimum subsistence wage in which capitalism had imprisoned him. Mr. Bruckberger's arguments are advanced with ingenuity and persistence, and they will surely pass muster in many a Chamber of Commerce and many a luncheon club across the length and breadth of the United States. Here is a really satisfying political and economic philosophy for the self-satisfied.

Until the mid-nineteenth century the Maya Civilisation of Central America was relatively unknown, and apart from the celebrated work by John Stephens and Frederick Catherwood, published in 1841 and dealing with the newly-discovered ruined cities of Yucatan, authoritative writings on the subject have been few and far between. For instance, S. G. Morley's contribution to the *National Geographic Magazine* in 1925 still provides one of the fullest accounts of the Mayan city of Chichen-Itza, scene of the superb renaissance of Mayan power and culture at the start of the eleventh century A.D.

ASPECTS OF AMERICA

Yesterday and To-day in Various Parts of the Continent

Now at last a distinguished French anthropologist-ethnologist comes forward with a book that deals with this vast subject with the sweep that it so clearly demands. Paul Rivet's MAYA CITIES (Elek Books. 35s.) is a representation in words and pictures of the life of a great Empire which, founded in the fourth century, lasted over a thousand years. Like the Aztecs, the Mayans had a passion for building, erecting city after city which, each in turn, they abandoned to the jungle after the surrounding agricultural land had become exhausted. M. Rivet shows how the cities were religious rather than civic centres, and the technical skill and artistry which went to their creation are revealed in many of the illustrations which adorn this volume.

V. G. C. Norwood has no doubt gathered material for half-a-dozen books during his wanderings in the hinterland between British Guiana and Brazil. A BOOT FULL OF DIAMONDS (T. V. Boardman. [illegible]) is just as enthralling as his earlier book, *Man Alive*. This time he is not on his own, but prospecting with a few friends (and one most mysterious woman) search for the diamond pipe which he was certain from the outset existed in this land of mountains, rivers, crags and peaks. The physical dangers of prospecting in this region are immense, not least those provided by the Cabouri fly which swarm incessantly and mercifully round the prospectors, penetrate their clothes at the least chance, and give them no rest until night brings relief. Mr. Norwood is a writer with a

"EGO ET REX MEUS"

It is difficult to exaggerate the labour involved in sifting the voluminous archives at Knowsley and in mugging up all contemporary private and official evidence for a full biography of the 17th Earl of Derby. Mr. Randolph Churchill took five years to write his LORD DERBY (Heinemann. 50s.), and his tribute to his team of helpers is no doubt justly generous. His subject is rightly sub-titled "The King of Lancashire." George V was an intimate friend, but when at Knowsley they were brother sovereigns, and I doubt whether, if the 17th Earl had been other than the owner of Knowsley and an enormous rent roll derived largely from Lancashire property, his career in British politics would have given him a mention in history. *Noblesse oblige* he accepted and practised to the full. But he had not the ability nor some other essential qualities for highest office. He was too impetuous, diffuse, uncertain of himself, made hesitant by rival loyalties; and no doubt in his time the shameful intrigues of politicians, the sombre theme of much of the book, put a man of his character and traditions at a disadvantage. His "My dear Curzon, I have always known you to be a cad, I now know you to be a liar," escaped delivery by a fluke; his "Master mind of perfidy and treachery," addressed to Leopold of the Belgians, were reckless words which had to be eaten. There is all too much which makes the reader ashamed of politicians, but Mr. Churchill makes his book constantly exciting, even when dealing with scandals and squalid ambitions, such as the Milner libel, the "Gehasi" squib and the quarrel between Sir Winston and Derby.

It is doubtful if Derby enjoyed any part of his Ministries, least of all at the War Office. He was a great success in Paris, because he typified so exactly the English milord of French imagination since Napoleonic days. Just so, the success of two recent Ambassadors to Washington owed much to the American conception of "English gentlemen."

Derby's memorandum of George V's account of the Parliament Bill-guarantees extraction by Asquith and Crewe certainly enlarges on its brutality. The King never forgot that bitter memory and did not keep silence. Nor always did Crewe. The King's biographers had plenty of evidence. I have sometimes wondered whether Crewe could not have more strongly combated Knollys' advice to the King.

John Gore

(*Continued from previous page*)

I defy anyone to leave it before they have reached this most subtle and most civilised author's conclusion. JUST OFF FIFTH (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is by no means in the same class, but is a highly readable and human story about the people who inhabit a block of flats in a part of New York City, just off Fifth Avenue itself. Mrs. Edith P. Begner demonstrably has her heart in the right place and writes charmingly about the one really young character in her varied cast. It is more chancy to guess just where Mr. Gerald Green's heart is, but I should say that it might be in the business of writing a best-seller such as THE LOTUS EATERS (Longmans. 21s.) may possibly be. This very long novel explores the possibilities of drama and human conflict inherent in a Florida holiday resort, where not only the very rich disport themselves.

Vernon Fane

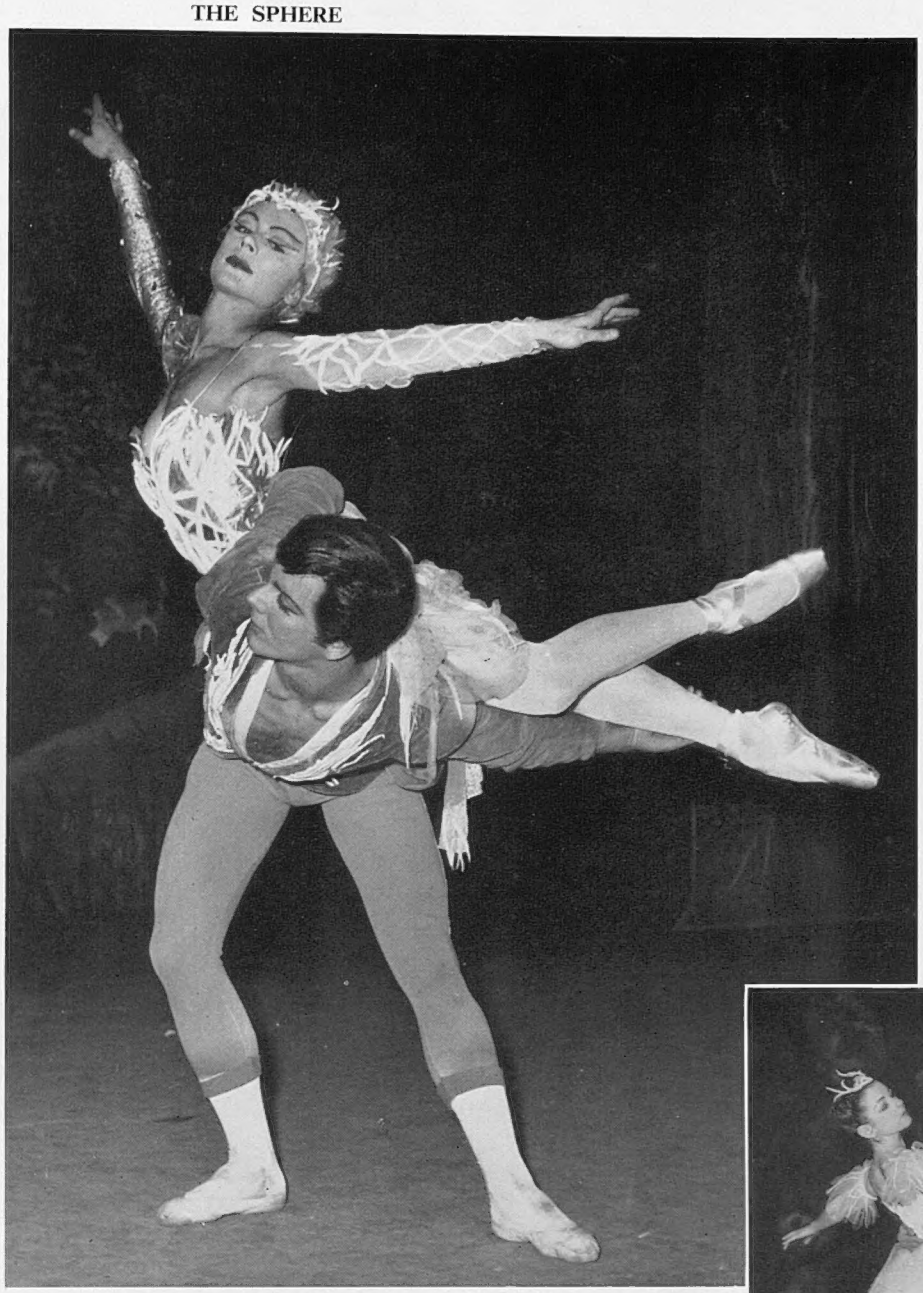
imagination. To put it mildly, he does full justice to every incident; his narrative has pace and excitement, particularly as we reach the climax and the discovery of the source of diamond supply in the Rupununi.

In introducing his book DISCOVERING MEDIEVAL ART (Bell. 21s.), Mr. G. M. Durant declares quite simply that his "aim is to present the living flower, not the dissected laboratory specimen." In other words, he would set us on the right road to understanding and appreciating this vast subject. Mr. Durant, who in a previous book has taken us on an instructive journey into Roman Britain, is here concerned in particular with illuminated MSS, sculpture, architecture, paintings and stained glass. He writes with accuracy, but also with imagination, and in a way that kindles enthusiasm.

THE ART OF BEING A WELL-DRESSED WIFE (World's Work. 12s. 6d.) is by Anne Fogarty, who also provides what she calls provocative notes for the patient husband who pays the bills. This is a book with some of the attributes of the old style vade-mecum, and a mere male might say that he thought most women knew all these things by instinct. Apparently Miss Fogarty is quite certain that they do not, and she is probably right when she poses such abstruse questions as, "for a gala evening would you wear false eyelashes"?

THE ANGLER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA (Odhams; 22s. 6d.) has been compiled by Colin Willock, who takes us through from Alevin to Zander (that is from young salmon to pike-perch) with the practised hand of a skilled angler and writer on angling subjects, having already half-a-dozen or so books to his credit. Some excellent line drawings and photographs aid the text.

R. C. E.



THE WORLD PREMIERE AT COVENT GARDEN OF A NEW PRODUCTION OF A STRAVINSKY BALLET: Svetlana Beriosova as the Fairy dances with Donald MacLeary as the Bridegroom in *Le Baiser de la Fée* (*The Fairy's Kiss*) at the Royal Opera House, in London. *On right*—They are with Lynn Seymour as the Bride in another scene. The ballet, by Igor Stravinsky, was brought into the current programme last week. It has never been danced before at Covent Garden. The production is very different from previous versions staged elsewhere. Kenneth MacMillan is the choreographer and Colin Davis is the Guest Conductor.

Below—

IN "LE BAISER DE LA FEE": Lynn Seymour (the Bride) is with members of the Corps of the Royal Ballet on the stage at Covent Garden. The sets and costumes are by Kenneth Rowell, an Australian artist. A feature of the ballet is the influence on Stravinsky of the music of Tchaikowsky.

"THE FAIRY'S KISS"

Until last week, Stravinsky's ballet, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, had not been produced at Covent Garden, although Frederick Ashton's version had been seen in London, at Sadler's Wells in 1935, with Margot Fonteyn as the Fairy. For the Royal Opera House première an entirely new production had been devised. Choreography is by Kenneth MacMillan and designs and sets by the Australian artist, Kenneth Rowell. The music, of course, has been familiar as an orchestral suite for a number of years, the first-ever performance of the ballet having been given in Paris in 1928 with the composer himself conducting, and Njinska responsible for the choreography. *Le Baiser de la Fée* is often quoted as an example of Stravinsky's habit of deriving his inspiration from other composers, in this case Tchaikowsky.

AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: In the Armouries can be seen some of the Spanish pieces on show in the exhibition of armour, arranged by Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, which opened recently. In the background are portraits of Philip II of Spain, and Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of James I of England. *Right*—Yeoman gaoler Mr. G. Arnold looks at a suit of armour for man and horse. It is known from its decoration as the "Cross of Burgundy," and was made for Philip II of Spain in 1551 by Wolfgang Grosschedel.

ARMOUR AT THE TOWER

Some of the World's Finest Pieces Are on Show at the Tower of London Until the End of September

Over half of the pieces of armour on show at the Tower come from the Royal Armoury at the Royal Palace in Madrid. They include suits made for, and worn by, three Spanish rulers, Philip I of Castile, his son, the Emperor Charles V, and his grandson, Philip II. Two of the suits were brought by the last-named to Britain in 1554 on the occasion of his marriage to Mary I. One, known as the "Waves and Clouds," was made specially for the occasion by the German armourer Wolfgang Grosschedel. The other is known as the "Cross of Burgundy" suit and was also made for the Spanish ruler by Wolfgang Grosschedel of Landshut, in 1551. The theme of the exhibition, which was arranged by Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, is the connection between Spain and Britain. Included is a suit of armour which was presented by James I of England to Philip III of Spain.

The early days of Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, and perhaps the most influential ruler of the sixteenth century, is illustrated by the K.D. suit. This was made for him about 1515 by the German armourer Colman, after Charles had succeeded his father as Duke of Burgundy; K.D. standing for Karolus Dux. Shortly afterwards his maternal grandfather died and he became King of Castile and Aragon, and a year later, his paternal grandfather died, and he succeeded to the title of Holy Roman Emperor. The exhibition of about forty-five pieces will be open throughout the summer.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE words " FREE HOUSE " were so prominently displayed over the portal of an hotel and restaurant on a south country road that as we passed by the other day we failed to see the name of the hotel! How misleading the term " Free House " must be to visitors from abroad, who are equally ignorant as to the term " Tied House."

In any case, we question whether in the 1960's the advantage of acclaiming a place as free—that is, untied to any brewer—may not have a boomerang effect. Not only are the big brewery concerns making increasing marketing arrangements to sell each other's brews but, more importantly, it is the big group concerns covering both brewing and catering interests who have the financial means to develop the properties they acquire to the benefit of us, the travelling public.

It has been said that brewery interests are mainly influenced by the potentialities of increased barrelage. To some extent this is true, but they are fully aware of the travelling public's requirements in relationship to food and bedroom comfort.

One of our largest brewery concerns, Ind Coope Ltd., are in the van of the betterment of British hotel movement. Coventry is fast becoming [illegible]'s most modern industrial city and the Hotel Leofric for several years [illegible] the proud title of " the only post-war hotel in the country."

The principle of this luxury provincial hotel is that guests can use rooms as sitting-rooms, thus radio and telephones are standard in all rooms (television in some), while armchairs, writing-desks, with furnishings in gay contemporary style, complete the picture. The majority of these bed-cum-sitting-rooms have their private bathrooms.

For the convenience of Coventry's business community and visitors, there are a variety of air-conditioned and centrally-heated dining-rooms—the elegant French Restaurant for the V.I.P.s, the Grill Room where dinner-dances are held (Cocktail Bar adjacent), a medium-priced restaurant with a straightforward table d'hôte menu and the Precinct Snack Bar for a quick meal.

In a similar spirit of enterprise they are remodelling hotels up and down country and to my way of thinking the Rutland Arms at Bakewell is admirable example of how a once-coaching inn caters to-day for the modern traveller.

The roots of the Rutland Arms go back to coaching days, for here Chester-London passengers stretched their legs and took refreshment horses were changed. Its elegance dates back to the day when it became a member of the Ind Coope family for, in pursuance of their policy of modernising and refurnishing with discretion, the Rutland Arms still has a pleasing homeliness and a sense of well-being.

Certainly, whatever the vagaries of the weather, we can assure you, should you elect to stay at the Rutland Arms, of warmth, comfort and a regard for cuisine and cellar which is such a pronounced feature of the Ind Coope Hotel Group.

Another Hotel Group for which I have a profound regard is Catering Houses Ltd., of Guildford, a subsidiary of Friary, Holroyd and Healy's Breweries Ltd., who are now associated with the equally famous brewery name of Meux.

As I pen these lines I have fresh in mind a visit to one of the hotels in this group—the Southgate Hotel at Winchester. Built and designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1715, travellers will be quick to appreciate the dignity and charm of their surroundings and that warm and comfortable feeling induced by good food and good wine.

Noteworthy features of the hotel are the elegant lounge bar, the comfort of the bedrooms, the small, beflowered walled garden and, in the dining-room, a comprehensive menu fortified on Wednesdays and Sundays by a Curry Tiffin with all the trimmings (twenty side dishes, in fact). Under the ægis of Catering Houses Ltd., we shall not be surprised to learn in due course that the Southgate has added to its bedroom and restaurant accommodation.

Yet it is not only to brewery concerns that we are indebted for being able to exercise greater freedom in choosing a worthwhile place to pander to our needs. No concern has done more for the betterment of home and overseas patrons than Trust Houses Ltd. Among their group of hotels we have on our list for revisiting are the Crown Hotel at Framlingham, Suffolk; the Cricketers' Hotel at Bagshot, Surrey; the Grosvenor Hotel at Shaftesbury, Dorset; the Royal Hotel at Ventnor, Isle of Wight (lift now installed); the Eastgate Court at Lincoln; the Black Swan at Helmsley, Yorkshire; the Golden Lion at Northallerton (where recent alterations include a new dining-room and lounge, cocktail bar and an additional wing of bedrooms); the Atholl Arms Hotel at Dunkeld, Scotland; the Golden Fleece at Thirsk, Yorkshire; the Lion Hotel at Buckden, Hunts (new dining-room and lounge and larger new car park), and the George Hotel at Huddersfield.

Please do not think I have abandoned hope of free enterprise. Far from it. There is still much to admire. A classic example is the New Dolphin Hotel, Honiton, the complete reconstruction of which has recently been completed by the enterprise of the Directorate of the Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth. Walking into their attractive cellar bar I picked up a folder in which Mr. Paull Zennor has echoed my previous favourable impression of the transformation that has taken place. " New " is the operative word, particularly for motorists who knew this coaching house of old. While the framework has been retained (including the drive-through archway which separates the restaurant from the reception hall), the rest of the building is barely recognisable. The bedrooms are models of up to dateness with their fresh, clean paintwork, fitted carpets, telephones, razor plugs, modern furniture and fittings.

What I would emphasise in conclusion is the constant uplift that is going on in British hotel standards, thanks to both individual and group enterprise. No one in the know need stay at a badly-run British hotel in 1960.

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OTHER DAYS, OTHER WAYS
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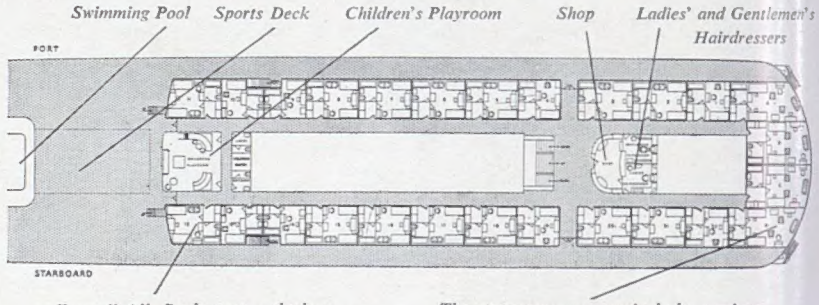
"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



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